



...AND YOU WILL OBEY ME by Alan Barnes

THE DOCTOR: PETER DAVISON
Time Lord.

THE MASTER: GEOFFREY BEEVERS
His mortal enemy – now trapped in a former, decayed incarnation; therefore faster and more playful than we'd expect.

ANNIE: [also ROBOT ANNIES]
(F, 30s) Android assassin... who's stolen a friendly, personable 'personality matrix'.

COLIN:
(M, e20s) Geeky, pedantic. Hasn't physically aged since 1984.

HELEN: / JADE NYMPH:
(F, e20s) Earnest, serious; also unchanged since 1984./ Eight-foot-tall alien dragonfly.

MIKEY: / GRIGOR:
(M, 30s) Gentle, naïve, big for his age./ Russian soldier-of-fortune [accented].

JANINE:
(F, e20s) The naughtiest girl in school, unchanged since 1984.

GOMPHUS: / AUCTIONEER:
(M, 50+) Older alien dragonfly./ Prissy salesman.

ALSO: SECURITY MAN; U.S. SENTRY.

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PART ONE

1. INT. AUCTION ROOMS

AUCTIONEER:

[...] One hundred and sixty pounds, then, for this rather charming tea service. – Going once. – Going twice. (GX: HAMMER RAPS) Sold!

FX: FEW TOKEN CLAPS. DOCTOR APPROACHES FROM OFF, TRYING TO FIND A SEAT.

DOCTOR:

Excuse me. If I could I just squeeze through –

OLD BUFFER:

(COUGHS CROSSLY)

DOCTOR:

Terribly sorry, was that your foot?

ANNIE:

(SLIGHTLY OFF) There's a space just here.

DOCTOR:

So there is. (GOING OVER) Thank you, Miss. – Ms?

ANNIE:

Sit, sit! (AS DOCTOR SITS) I know why you're here.

DOCTOR:

You do?

ANNIE:

Cricket trophies?

DOCTOR:

(VAGUE) No, I – (SUDDENLY INTERESTED) Cricket trophies? Really?

ANNIE:

They're in the catalogue. (RUSTLING PAPER) Lot forty-seven? The Cranleigh Cup?

DOCTOR:

I thought I had that already. No, as a matter of fact [I'm here for e]

AUCTIONEER:

Lot forty-one, ladies and gentlemen. Quiet, please!

PORTERS:

(HUFFING AS TWO PORTERS HEFT GRANDFATHER CLOCK INTO POSITION)

DOCTOR:

Yes, I do believe that's it.

AUCTIONEER:

Thank you, lads. – What we have here, ladies and gentlemen, is a grandfather clock, believed to be late nineteenth century. I should stress that this is a purely ornamental piece – emphatically not in full working order. The manufacturer's name is indistinct, so most likely this was the product of a small rural workshop –oin the Cotswolds, quite possibly?

DOCTOR:

(MURMUR) Not the Cotswolds, no.

ANNIE:

Interesting. That's what I'm after, too.

DOCTOR:

Really? – Why?

ANNIE:

Well, why do you want it?

AUCTIONEER:

As I say, a purely ornamental piece, so we'll start the bidding at one hundred pounds. – Do I hear one hundred pounds?

ANNIE:

(COUGHS DISCREETLY)

AUCTIONEER:

Young lady in the green – one hundred pounds, thank you, madam. Do I hear one hundred and ten?

DOCTOR:

Er – yes, actually.

AUCTIONEER:

Gentleman in the whites. Thank you, sir. There's a charming pair of cricket trophies later in the sale. – Do I hear one hundred and twenty?

ANNIE:

One hundred and fifty!

AUCTIONEER:

Thank you, madam. One hundred and fifty pounds. Do I [hear]?

DOCTOR:

Two hundred!

AUDIENCE:

(LOW RIPPLE OF NOISE — NO WORDS)

ANNIE:

(ASIDE) You're keen.

DOCTOR:

(ASIDE) Sentimental value. It belonged to... well, a sort of friend.

AUCTIONEER:

Two hundred to you, sir. — Do I hear two hundred and fifty?

OLD BUFFER:

(COUGHS)

AUCTIONEER:

Gentleman in the tweed, two hundred and fifty.

DOCTOR:

(ASIDE) Oh, no.

ANNIE:

(ASIDE) You went too high, too soon. Now everyone thinks it's something special.

DOCTOR:

(ASIDE) Well, it is. — Three hundred pounds!

AUCTIONEER:

Three hundred, sir. Dare I ask for — ?

OLD BUFFER:

(COUGHS TWICE)

AUDIENCE:

(BIGGER RIPPLE)

AUCTIONEER:

Five hundred, sir?

DOCTOR:

(DESPERATE) A thousand!

2. INT. DOOR OUTSIDE AUCTION ROOM

FX: COLIN RUSHING UP TO DOOR.

SECURITY:

Can I help you, son?

COLIN:

I'm just... the auction?

SECURITY:

(BECAUSE COLIN LOOKS ABOUT 16) The auction?

COLIN:

(ASSERTIVELY) I'm here for the auction! (PATHETIC) Please?

SECURITY:

Door's closed. Can't let you in, once the auction's in progress.

COLIN:

I've got money, you know.

SECURITY:

Course you have, son. Sweetshop's just down the road.

COLIN:

Please...!

3. INT. AUCTION ROOMS

OLD BUFFER:

(BIG COUGH)

AUDIENCE:

(AUDIBLE GASPS NOW)

AUCTIONEER:

Two thousand! – Thank you, sir.

ANNIE:

(ASIDE, TO DOCTOR) Well? Are you out?

DOCTOR:

(ASIDE) Are you?

ANNIE:

(ASIDE) I was out at a hundred and fifty.

AUCTIONEER:

(TO DOCTOR) Sir in the whites? Any advance on two thousand?

DOCTOR:

(UNDECIDED) I –

AUCTIONEER:

I need a decision, sir.

ANNIE:

(ASIDE) Guess it's make-your-mind-up-time...

DOCTOR:

(ASIDE) Yes. Trouble is, I don't have any money.

ANNIE:

(ASIDE) What?

DOCTOR:

(ASIDE) I don't suppose you could lend me three thousand?

ANNIE:

(ALOUD) Three thousand?!?

AUDIENCE:

(MORE GASPS)

AUCTIONEER:

Three thousand pounds – thank you, madam! Any more? – Sir, in the tweed? (BEAT) No, quite, sir.

ANNIE:

(ASIDE, GRITTED TEETH) Get me out of this.

DOCTOR:

(ASIDE) I'm sorry, I didn't mean –

ANNIE:

(HISSED) Just say something!

DOCTOR:

(ALoud, TO AUCTIONEER) Er – could we negotiate?

AUCTIONEER:

Are you making a bid?

DOCTOR:

Well, no, it's just –

AUCTIONEER:

Then kindly be seated.

DOCTOR:

Please! It's imperative that I acquire that clock!

AUCTIONEER:

I shouldn't wish to call the security man.

DOCTOR:

No, of course. – Five thousand! Is that enough?

AUCTIONEER:

(THINKS THE DOCTOR'S A NUTTER) I'm afraid I can't accept that.

(ASIDE) Beverley – could you call...?

DOCTOR:

This is hopeless!

ANNIE:

(TO AUCTIONEER) He doesn't have any money. He told me.

AUCTIONEER:

It's quite alright, madam. Your bid is safe.

ANNIE:

Look, that was all his fault. I don't have three thousand.

AUDIENCE:

(CONSTERNATION: 'WHAT DID SHE SAY?')

FX: DOORS OPENED OFF.

SECURITY:

What's the problem?

AUCTIONEER:

The gentleman in the whites, and the lady beside him. They're leaving.

SECURITY:

This way, please.

COLIN:

(PUSHING PAST FROM OUTSIDE) Excuse I –

SECURITY:

Oi! Come back here, you!

COLIN:

(TO AUCTIONEER) Please, where are we up to on the clock? I've got (PROUDLY) fifty pounds!

AUDIENCE:

(LAUGHS)

COLIN:

What? What's so funny? – Alright, sixty!

SECURITY:

(TO DOCTOR & ANNIE) You two – out!

ANNIE:

We're just leaving.

DOCTOR:

Not before I've established the provenance of that timepiece!

AUCTIONEER:

(ASIDE) Call the police, Beverley.

DOCTOR:

At least tell me where it came from! The safety of the planet might depend on it!

ANNIE:

Leaving, now!

SECURITY:

You heard the lady.

DOCTOR:

Oh, what's the use-? (EXITS, WITH ANNIE & SECURITY)

FX: DOORS SWING SHUT BEHIND AS THEY DEPART.

AUCTIONEER:

So sorry about that, ladies and gentlemen. Most unfortunate.

FX: (FIXED) TELEPHONE RINGS OFF. MODERN-ISH. PICKED UP OFF.

AUCTIONEER:

Now then, before we were so rudely interrupted... The bid was with sir in the tweeds? Two thousand pounds, I believe? Of course, under the circumstances...

OLD BUFFER:

(SMALL COUGH)

AUCTIONEER:

Caveat emptor, sir. Two thousand pounds, then.

COLIN:

What?!

FX: A WOMAN WALKS OVER TO AUCTIONEER (BRINGING PHONE).

AUCTIONEER:

(TO OFF) What's that, Beverley? (ALoud) Ah, forgive me, sir, it appears we have a telephone bid.

COLIN:

Can they even do that?

AUCTIONEER:

(INTO PHONE) Bidding stands at two thousand pounds. — Yes, I understand. Thank you. (ALoud) Ladies and gentlemen, I have an offer of five thousand pounds.

OLD BUFFER:

(SPLUTTERS)

COLIN:

Know what you mean, mate. That's outrageous!

AUDIENCE:

(GENERAL CONSERNATION)

AUCTIONEER:

Any advance on five thousand pounds? — No. Going once. Going twice. Sold!

FX: HARD CUT TO:

4. INT. PUB

FX: NOT BUSY. FRUIT MACHINE SQUEES.

DOCTOR:
(SIGH, TO HIMSELF) Gone...

FX: ANNIE SETS DOWN DRINKS.

ANNIE:
Ginger beer. The landlord had to root around for it.

DOCTOR:
Thank you. – You're not having one...?

ANNIE:
Driving.

DOCTOR:
Ah.

(BEAT)

ANNIE:
I've bought you a drink, the least you could give me is a little conversation, in return?

DOCTOR:
(VAGUELY) Yes, of course...

ANNIE:
(POINTED) Not just stare out of the window?

DOCTOR:
(TEARS HIMSELF AWAY) Sorry. – Sorry! Dreadful manners, please forgive me.

ANNIE:
I'll think about it. I'm Annie, by the way.

DOCTOR:
The Doctor.

ANNIE:
You're doing it again! Eye contact, it's kind of important?

DOCTOR:
It's not that I'm not charmed by your company, it's just –

ANNIE:

You're looking across the village green, to see whoever won that clock coming out of the auction rooms. Well, don't worry, so am I. Only we'll look a bit less conspicuous if we pretend to have a chat while we're doing it, won't we?

DOCTOR:

Yes, I suppose we will. Do you do this sort of thing a lot?

ANNIE:

What, covert surveillance? I'm not with M.I. Five.

DOCTOR:

It had crossed my mind.

ANNIE:

(INCREDULOUS) You thought I was a government agent?

DOCTOR:

Not as such, but I thought you might be with U- [DOESN'T COMPLETE 'UNIT']

ANNIE:

U... what?

DOCTOR:

Nothing, doesn't matter. - Ah, there's the fellow I trod on. He doesn't look very happy.

ANNIE:

Neither does that boy arguing with the security gorilla.

5. EXT. STREET

COLIN:

(CALLING AFTER SECURITY MAN) Don't worry, I shan't be coming back! I shall take my custom elsewhere!

HELEN:

(WALKING UP SWIFTLY) Colin. – Colin! What are you doing?

COLIN:

Just telling Stretch Armstrong there to get [stuf-]
(REALISATION) Helen. It's you! I haven't seen you since – well, you remember.

HELEN:

Just the same Colin. Honestly, he could have flattened you with the one finger. –fYou came here for the clock, didn't you?

COLIN:

I read about Mikey. Then when I saw that the clock was up for auction, I thought – well, the same as you, I guess.

HELEN:

So who bought it?

COLIN:

Someone on the phone. Five grand, Hel! They'll have to collect it, I guess...

HELEN:

Look, the sale won't be finished for a while yet. We don't want to draw attention to ourselves.

COLIN:

We can't just let it go!

HELEN:

We're not going to. Come on. We'll find somewhere more private.

CROSS BACK TO:

6. INT. PUB

ANNIE:

(PROMPTING) The clock belonged to a friend of yours, you said..

DOCTOR:

A sort of friend, yes. (PUTS DOWN GLASS; STANDS UP) Look, it's been very nice to meet you, Annie, but I must be going.

ANNIE:

I'm just curious. It's not just any old grandfather clock, is it? It can't be.

DOCTOR:

There are other grandfather clocks. Ones that work. (TURNING TO LEAVE) Like I said, I must [be—]

ANNIE:

(CUTTING OVER) Are you a Masterson?

(BEAT)

DOCTOR:

What?

ANNIE:

Are you a relative? A Masterson?

DOCTOR:

Masterson?

ANNIE:

Michael Masterson. The man whose house the clock came from? The man who died?

DOCTOR:

Died...?

ANNIE:

I can show you, if you like.

MUSIC: TIME PASSES.

7. INT. CAR (IN MOTION) [MINUTES LATER]

FX: FADE UP. ANNIE DRIVING.

ANNIE:

He lived in an old farmhands' cottage, miles from the nearest village. Pretty much derelict, with a wall of brambles all around. The few that even knew about the place say he'd not been seen in twenty, thirty years.

DOCTOR:

This... 'Michael Masterson'?

ANNIE:

The woman who runs the post office says her brothers saw him once, one night when they'd missed the last bus into town. They tried to take a shortcut across country, but they got themselves lost.

FX: GEAR CHANGE – UPHILL.

ANNIE:

Only then they saw a light in the distance, coming from the back of the cottage. So they picked their way through the brambles – like barbed wire, they said...

DOCTOR:

Is this a very long story?

ANNIE:

Are you in that much of a rush?

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry. Please, carry on.

ANNIE:

All they wanted was to ask directions – and sit out the worst of the rain, maybe. They couldn't find the door, though, so they banged on the window. Only then there was a flash of lightning, and there was this face in the window. This awful face, all–

DOCTOR:

(SOFTLY) Burned and blistered.

ANNIE:

You did know him!

DOCTOR:

He was handsome, once. Maybe even twice. –aWhat happened then? What did he do?

ANNIE:

Well, he told them to leave. Just that: (SCARY VOICE) "Leave."

DOCTOR:

(MORE TO SELF) Like they had no choice but to obey.

ANNIE:

Yes, I suppose. Why would you think that?

DOCTOR:

(POINTING) Church on the left?

ANNIE:

Oh, yes! Sorry –

FX: BRAKES QUITE HARD. CROSS TO:

8. EXT. BESIDE ROAD/GATE [CONTINUOUS]

FX: CAR REVERSES ONTO GRAVEL TRACK, JUST A COUPLE OF FEET. ENGINE OFF. BOTH DOORS OPEN.

DOCTOR:

(FX: SHUTTING CAR DOOR) I do believe that bell-tower's Saxon.

ANNIE:

(FX: SHUTTING CAR DOOR) I'll take your word for it.

FX: USES REMOTE TO LOCK CAR DOORS.

ANNIE:

No need to bother, really. Not out here. Come on.

FX: ANNIE LEADS THE DOCTOR UP A FEW STEPS, TO LYCH-GATE.

DOCTOR:

Ah. Allow me.

FX: UNDOES LATCH ON INSIDE OF GATE.

ANNIE:

See, you do have manners, after all!

FX: THEY GO THROUGH, INTO:

9. EXT. GRAVEYARD [CONTINUOUS]

FX: SOFT BIRDSONG. CRICKETS. LATE AFTERNOON, LATE SUMMER AMBIENCE. ANNIE LEADING DOCTOR THROUGH LONG GRASS.

ANNIE:

It's this way. Bit off the path, I'm afraid.

DOCTOR:

You've visited here already?

ANNIE:

I laid flowers. No-one else was going to.

DOCTOR:

I don't follow.

ANNIE:

I'm thinking of buying the cottage, you see. Despite the fire.

DOCTOR:

Fire?

ANNIE:

Sorry, I forget, you don't know any of this. There was a fire at the cottage, a few weeks back. That's when they found the body. And the clock, of course. The whole place was burned out, pretty much, except for the clock.

DOCTOR:

I see. And...?

ANNIE:

...Nand, they traced the landowner, and found his grandson. He didn't know the first thing about the old house. The grandfather went gaga ages ago, but it turned out the rent had been paid into his account, regular as anything, every month for more than thirty years.

DOCTOR:

By "Michael Masterson".

ANNIE:

The perfect tenant. — That's the thing, you weren't even surprised!

DOCTOR:

About the rent?

ANNIE:

About the clock! About it being the only thing to survive the blaze?

DOCTOR:

No. (STOPPING) The grave there. That's new.

ANNIE:

Yes, that's it.

DOCTOR:

(WALKING UP, READING) "Michael Masterson. Died 2016."

ANNIE:

Not much of an epitaph, but no-one knew what to say. They couldn't find a date of birth in parish records. Or anything, actually. The pathologist seemed to think the bones were those of a man in late middle-age, but his report was more than a little vague.

DOCTOR:

Should have tried carbon dating. (TO GRAVE) Is it you in there? Really you? What happened? Why were you stuck here? What went wrong...?

ANNIE:

I feel like I'm intruding. Look – I don't mind waiting at the car. I mean, not forever, [but]

DOCTOR:

No, no, it's not like that. But you might not want to stay. (WALKING OFF) I wonder...?

ANNIE:

Why? – Doctor...?

DOCTOR:

(OFF) Ah! Shovel. (RETURNING) That's handy.

ANNIE:

I expect they use it to dig graves, seeing as this is a— (TRAILS OFF; REALISATION) You're not about to do what I think you're about to do?

DOCTOR:

That's why I thought you might not want to stay. (HEFTS SPADE)

ANNIE:

But you can't—!

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry, Annie. But I have to know for sure that it's him in there. You do understand.

ANNIE:

You can't just go around exhuming bodies without permission!

DOCTOR:

Not without the permission of family or friends, no. In this instance, I suspect I'm closer to either than anyone else on this planet. (HEFTS SPADE AGAIN) Now -

ANNIE:

No, wait. Wait! - Look. The turf here.

DOCTOR:

(REALISATION) It's been cut. The ground's been disturbed.

ANNIE:

That wasn't how it was when I was last here. And the flowers I left - you'd think they'd still be here, he can't have had that many visitors!

FX: INSECT CHIRRUIPPING. CROSS TO:

10. EXT. TREES ABOVE GRAVEYARD [CONTINUOUS]

FX: TWO HUGE DRAGONFLY-LIKE ALIENS ARE OBSERVING THE DOCTOR AND ANNIE. SOFTLY BUZZING VOICES. FLUTTERING, HOVERING WINGS.

JADE NYMPH:

What are these creatures, Dragonmaster? What might they want with the grave?

GOMPHUS:

Watch on, my novice. The true hunter bides their time, then picks their moment to strike.

JADE NYMPH & GOMPHUS:

(BOTH 'HISS-BUZZ')

CROSS BACK TO:

11. EXT. GRAVEYARD [CONTINUOUS]

ANNIE:

Wait, did you—?

DOCTOR:

Annie?

ANNIE:

Nothing. I thought I heard something. — Doctor. You're not really going to dig him up, are you?

DOCTOR:

(SETTING SHOVEL DOWN) No point now. The ground's been disturbed. Whoever was inside there has gone.

ANNIE:

What — you think grave-robbers have been at it?

DOCTOR:

In this day and age? Please, let's be rational about this. No, more likely he simply crawled out of his coffin, then tidied the ground to conceal the fact of his regeneration.

ANNIE:

What...?

DOCTOR:

The Master is still alive!

MUSIC: MASTER STING.

QUICK CROSS TO:

12. EXT. TREES ABOVE GRAVEYARD [CONTINUOUS]

FX: EXCITED FLUTTERING.

JADE NYMPH & GOMPHUS:
(BOTH 'HISS-BUZZ')

JADE NYMPH:
'Still... alive!' He knows, Dragonmaster! He... knows!!!

GOMPHUS:
The creatures depart. We must follow their trail!

13. INT. CAFÉ

FX: COFFEE MACHINE SPLUTTERS.

COLIN:

(CALLING) Two more coffees, please. – Just ordinary.

HELEN:

“Just ordinary”. You’re so old-fashioned, Colin.

COLIN:

Can’t help that, can I, Hel?

HELEN:

You should try to fit in. Be more ‘now’. (TUTS) The way you dress! That shirt.

COLIN:

What’s wrong with this shirt?

HELEN:

Colin, it’s fluorescent. – ‘You were saying? About living with your Mum?

COLIN:

Oh. Well – I mean, it got awkward for a bit. But now she’s started getting on, half the time she thinks she’s back in the Sixties anyhow. So every cloud...

HELEN:

Colin, that’s an awful thing to say!

COLIN:

Yeah, I know. – Look, what’s the plan, Hel? The auction house’ll be closing soon.

HELEN:

We’ll go back, once it’s quiet. We’ll find out who bought the clock.

COLIN:

What if they won’t tell us?

HELEN:

Then we’ll use the powers. We’ll make them tell us.

COLIN:

(SULKY) I don’t want to, Hel.

HELEN:

We’ve got no choice.

COLIN:

All that time, nothing. Then out of the blue, three weeks ago –

FX: DUB IN, SOFTLY, FROM COLIN'S MEMORY, A FLASHBACK – FROM END OF SCENE 45:

MASTER:

(LAUGHS)

COLIN:

Woke up, there he was. (MIMICS LAUGH) Looked in the mirror, there he was. (MIMICS LAUGH) So I did a Search, and I read about Mikey, and that's when I knew he'd come back. d You really think he'll help us? After everything?

HELEN:

You do, too, or you wouldn't be here. Look. He was angry with Mikey. Not with us.

COLIN:

Wish Janine was here. She knew how to get around him. I guess it must have been an accident, but you can't help but wonder...

HELEN:

Come on, Col. Janine was always getting herself in situations. She was never going to make old bones.

COLIN:

Yeah, but neither are we.

HELEN:

Not unless we find him. That's why we have to use the powers.

COLIN:

I'm scared, though, Hel. I'm scared of him. Our master.

FX: DUB IN, FROM SCENE 45:

MASTER:

(LAUGHS)

MUSIC: MASTER THEME

14. INT. CAR (STATIONARY)

FX: WALKING UP QUICKLY, ANNIE UNLOCKS CAR DOORS, GETS IN DRIVER'S SIDE.

DOCTOR:

(OUTSIDE; WALKING TO STOP, THROUGH THE ABOVE) It's getting late. We have to get back into town as quickly as possible. I knew I should have stayed where I was, watching the auction rooms. By fair means or foul, he'll find a way to recover his [T-]

ANNIE:

No.

FX: SHUTS DOOR. LOCKS DOORS AGAIN.

DOCTOR:

(OUTSIDE; BAFFLED) (FX: TAPS WINDOW) Annie? Could you -

ANNIE:

(PULLING ON SEATBELT) No.

DOCTOR:

(OUTSIDE; BAFFLED) "No"?

FX: ANNIE LOWERS ELECTRIC WINDOW A FRACTION.

ANNIE:

Not unless you tell me what's really going on.

DOCTOR:

(SIGH) If I tell you what's really going on, you won't give me a lift.

ANNIE:

Try me.

DOCTOR:

Annie, please! At best you'll think I'm having some sort of joke at your expense; at worst you'll think I'm some kind of lunatic. Either way, you'll more than likely drive off and leave me to walk however-many-miles-it-is back into town and I'm sorry, but I just don't have the time!

ANNIE:

Mind your fingers.

FX: RAISES WINDOW AGAIN.

DOCTOR:

(OUTSIDE; AS WINDOW CLOSES) Alright! The clock – well, it's a time machine!

ANNIE:

What clock isn't?

FX: TURNS ON IGNITION.

DOCTOR:

(OUTSIDE) Not literally! (THINKS) I mean, yes, literally! A machine that travels through time! That sort of time machine! – Please!

FX: ANNIE SWITCHES OFF IGNITION. LOWERS WINDOW AGAIN.

ANNIE:

A "time machine", time machine?

DOCTOR:

Yes.

FX: UNLOCKS PASSENGER DOOR.

ANNIE:

Hop in.

FX: DOCTOR OPENS DOOR, GETS IN, CLOSES DOOR. SIMULTANEOUSLY, ANNIE GUNS IGNITION. CAR SQUEALS OFF GRAVEL. CONTINUES DIRECTLY INTO:

15. INT. CAR (IN MOTION) [CONTINUOUS]

DOCTOR:

I know we're in a hurry, but we needn't go quite so fast –

ANNIE:

Seatbelt.

DOCTOR:

Seatbelt. (FX: PULLS SEATBELT OVER)

ANNIE:

Now: *everything*.

DOCTOR:

The clock is a time machine. A TARDIS. It stands for – well, never mind what it stands for.

ANNIE:

But it's alien. – Like you?

DOCTOR:

Yes. Sorry. What happened was, my TARDIS was parked close to this area of space/time [whown the road in Little Hodcombe, as a matter of fact o

ANNIE:

(INTERRUPTING) Your TARDIS. That's a clock, too?

DOCTOR:

A TARDIS can take any shape. A Greek column. An iron maiden. Concorde.

ANNIE:

Concorde?!

DOCTOR:

Indeed. That's where I was, anyway, when my TARDIS intercepted a sort of distress signal from the other TARDIS. Given that signalulatrace, I judged it highly likely that it had been sent by one TARDIS in particular –

ANNIE:

Michael Masterson's.

DOCTOR:

The Master's. "Masterson", it seems, was simply the latest in a long line of rather tiresome aliases.

ANNIE:

So you rushed to answer his call.

DOCTOR:

It wasn't him calling. It was his TARDIS. A signal to indicate that it had been abandoned by its operator. Obviously, it was my duty to locate it and return it to... well, our planet of origin. So I followed its artron trail to the auction rooms here in Upper Hexford, and that's where I met you.

ANNIE:

Right. So we're speeding back there so you can catch up with your friend?

DOCTOR:

Yes.

ANNIE:

The friend who you seem to think has recently crawled out of his own grave?

DOCTOR:

Well, he's regenerated. I can't let him leave, not until I've found out what he's been doing here for thirty years or more. Who knows what dreadful scheme he might have spent that time fomenting?

ANNIE:

Scrumpy, that's all he'd been fermenting. There was jar after jar in the old cottage kitchen. (QUICKLY) Apparently.

DOCTOR:

Cider?!

ANNIE:

He'd been growing vegetables, too. Potatoes and carrots, broad beans. Completely self-sufficient.

DOCTOR:

That doesn't sound like the Master.

ANNIE:

It doesn't really matter, though.

DOCTOR:

Anything to do with the Master matters.

ANNIE:

No, I meant – Look, just open the glove compartment.

FX: DOCTOR OPENS GLOVE COMPARTMENT.

ANNIE:

Sorry, it's a bit of a mess in there. You might have to root around for it.

DOCTOR:

(ROOTING AROUND) What am I looking for, exactly?

ANNIE:

You'll see.

DOCTOR:

(DISTASTE) Gummy sweets – (THEN; METAL SCRAPE – A KEY) A key!

ANNIE:

For winding up a grandfather clock?

DOCTOR:

Obviously. Annie, this is the key to the Master's TARDIS!

ANNIE:

I... found it wedged behind a loose brick in the fireplace of the old cottage, when I was having a look around.

DOCTOR:

That's what you were doing at the auction!

ANNIE:

When I found out that the clock was for sale, I thought, even if I didn't get it, I might be able to sell the key to whoever did. So you see – even if your friend has got to that clock-TARDIS of his, he won't be leaving.

DOCTOR:

Not without the key, no. The only trouble is – if he's recently regenerated, I won't know who he is.

ANNIE:

(SARCASTICALLY) This 'really old friend' of yours.

DOCTOR:

He might not look old, now. He might look young. He might look like anyone.

ANNIE:

So he might have been at the auction...?

DOCTOR:

He might, yes.

ANNIE:

Best we get a move on, then.

FX: ANNIE ACCELERATES – VRRRM! QUICK FADE OUT.

16. INT. AUCTION ROOMS — FOYER

FX: FROM OUTSIDE, HELEN BANGS ON GLASS DOOR.

AUCTIONEER:

(CALLING) I'm afraid the auction rooms are closed!

FX: SHORT PAUSE. BANGS AGAIN.

AUCTIONEER:

(CALLING) I said, we are closed!

COLIN:

(OUTSIDE) Please, we want to talk to you!

AUCTIONEER:

(CALLING) We reopen at nine A.M. tomorrow!

HELEN:

(OUTSIDE) Look, open up or we're calling the police!

COLIN:

(OUTSIDE) Yeah, tell them all about your iffy gear!

AUCTIONEER:

This is an old family firm. We do not sell "iffy gear"!

HELEN:

(OUTSIDE) Ignore my friend, he's an idiot. It's about the clock you sold earlier?

AUCTIONEER:

What about it?

COLIN:

(OUTSIDE) We know what it really is. Where it really came from?

FX: AUCTIONEER BUZZES DOOR OPEN.

HELEN:

At last.

COLIN:

(NERVOUSLY) Your gorilla's knocked off for the night, has he?

FX: HEAVY GLASS DOOR SWINGS SLOWLY SHUT BEHIND.

AUCTIONEER:

I confess, I am curious to know why a purely ornamental piece should have attracted such attention —

COLIN:

Yeah, you're worried you might have missed a trick.

HELEN:

(TO AUCTIONEER) The phone bidder. Who were they? When are they coming to collect?

AUCTIONEER:

I'm afraid that's confidential information.

HELEN:

Please. We don't want to have to make you tell us.

AUCTIONEER:

('HOW RIDICULOUS!') You? Make me what...? – I think perhaps it's I who should be calling the police.

COLIN:

You don't want to do that, mate.

HELEN:

Just tell us when they're coming. That's all!

AUCTIONEER:

(WALKING) I am calling the police...!

COLIN:

(SUDDENLY COMMANDING) No! You – stay where you are.

AUCTIONEER:

(STOPS IN TRACKS) What...?

HELEN:

(MESMERIC) Stay, and look into our eyes.

FX: WEIRD, 'HYPNOTISM' SOUND – NON-DIEGETIC.

AUCTIONEER:

Into your eyes...?

COLIN:

(MESMERIC) That's right. Into our eyes.

HELEN:

You will obey us.

FX: FROM END OF SCENE 52, ECHOING IN COLIN & HELEN'S HEADS:

MASTER:

Obey me. Obey!

17. EXT. ROAD BESIDE AUCTION ROOMS

FX: ANNIE'S CAR SCREECHES TO A HALT. DOORS OPEN.

DOCTOR:

(GETTING OUT) Here we are.

FX: BOTH DOORS SLAM.

ANNIE:

You know – it's strange, Doctor. That key. When I found it – it was almost like I had to get it to the clock.

DOCTOR:

The Master had a powerful personality. Perhaps his influence still lingers.

ANNIE:

Perhaps you should keep hold of the key.

FX: A HELICOPTER APPROACHING, IN THE DISTANCE.

DOCTOR:

Yes, perhaps I should. Come on.

FX: THEY WALK TOWARDS AUCTION ROOMS.

18. INT. AUCTION ROOMS — FOYER

FX: HYPNO EFFECT AS BEFORE. APPROACHING HELICOPTER CONTINUES — CIRCLING (SOUND WAFTING AROUND IN THE BACKGROUND).

HELEN:

Who bought the clock?

COLIN:

When are they coming?

HELEN & COLIN:

Tell us!!!

AUCTIONEER:

(MESMERISED) There... there was a voice, down the end of the line. It said I had to obey...

COLIN:

'Obey'?

HELEN:

When are they coming?

AUCTIONEER:

Now.

FX: IN B/G, DOCTOR PUSHES DOOR OPEN.

DOCTOR:

(AT DOOR) Er, hello? Sorry, the door was open.

FX: HYPNOTIC EFFECT BROKEN.

AUCTIONEER:

You again!

ANNIE:

Me too.

COLIN:

Hel, they were at the auction. Both of them!

DOCTOR:

Yes, we were as a matter of fact. We've come about that clock.

AUCTIONEER:

I wish I'd never set eyes on the wretched item!

HELEN:

Ssh! That noise —

COLIN:

It's a helicopter. It's been circling the village green the last minute or so. Might be a Russian MI-8?

HELEN:

Never mind the make. The auctioneer said the buyer was coming now.

COLIN:

Yeah, so?

DOCTOR:

I think our young friend is referring to the fact that the MI-8 is a troop carrier.

ANNIE:

What?

CROSS TO:

19. INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT [CONTINUOUS]

FX: HOVERING.

JANINE:

(CALLING BACK) You all know what to do! Straight in, straight out!

CROSS BACK TO:

20. INT. AUCTION ROOMS — FOYER [CONTINUOUS]

FX: AS BEFORE.

ANNIE:

You were right, Doctor. There are soldiers, coming down on lines!

AUCTIONEER:

Soldiers?!

COLIN:

Great, now we're messing with the Russians!

DOCTOR:

The uniforms are wrong. Mercenaries, perhaps?

COLIN:

Mercenaries, even better. — Hel, let's get out of here while we can...!

FX: ONE, TWO, THREE ARMED TROOPERS HIT THE FLOOR OUTSIDE. CLIPS OFF. HEAVY BOOTS RUNNING UP, EQUIPMENT CLATTERING.

HELEN:

Stay put, Colin! You'll get shot.

ANNIE:

Doctor — they're armed!

DOCTOR:

Yes, and those aren't ordinary weapons...

FX: FAINT BURST OF HYPNO SOUND, UNDER:

AUCTIONEER:

(COMPELLED) I remember. It is... as I was told. Over the telephone.

DOCTOR:

(CURIOUS) Who spoke to you, over the telephone?

AUCTIONEER:

It is as I was told.

GRIGOR: [LEAD MERCENARY]

(RUNS TO STOP) You! Where is item for collection?

AUCTIONEER:

(SHAKING OFF HYPNOSIS) The... item is in the back area.

GRIGOR:

(TO 2 x SOLDIERS) Artem, Timor, go with him. Fetch the clock.
Go, go!

FX: AUCTIONEER & 2 x SOLDIERS HURRY OFF.

DOCTOR:

Excuse me cer, Sergeant? Doesn't all this seem a little over the top, just to secure a purely ornamental grandfather clock?

(BEAT)

ANNIE:

The Doctor asked you a question.

DOCTOR:

No? Perhaps you'd care to tell us who sent you, and where you're taking it?

HELEN:

He doesn't seem to want to talk.

FX: 2 x SOLDIERS RETURN, CARRYING CLOCK.

WILDTRACK:

(EFFORT OF SOLDIERS CARRYING CLOCK)

AUCTIONEER:

(FOLLOWING FROM BACK ROOM) Do be careful with that!

DOCTOR:

I think you'll find that clock is rather more robust than it looks.

FX: SOLDIERS RUSH THROUGH DOOR. AWAY.

GRIGOR:

You, man in white.

DOCTOR:

'White'?

GRIGOR:

You close door.

DOCTOR:

Very well.

FX: DOCTOR PULLS DOOR. SWINGS SHUT.

GRIGOR:

Now you join others.

COLIN:

(NERVOUSLY) W-what happens now?

GRIGOR:

(INTO R/T) Item secured. Five witnesses. Instructions? (BEAT FOR "STUN THEM") Roger that.

AUCTIONEER:

May we leave now?

GRIGOR:

No. You will not be leaving.

FX: STASER BLAST.

AUCTIONEER:

(GASPS, COLLAPSES TO GROUND)

DOCTOR:

Oh dear. As our Auctioneer friend observed, that is no ordinary weapon.

COLIN:

Too right it's not!

DOCTOR:

It's a staser gun, in fact.

ANNIE:

Taser?

DOCTOR:

Not Taser, staser. Which is odd, because staser guns are Gallifreyan technology.

HELEN:

(ALARMED) Colin, concentrate! Use the p-

FX: STASER BLAST.

HELEN:

(GASPS, COLLAPSES TO GROUND)

COLIN:

(RUSHES OVER) Hel! Hel, are you alr-

FX: STASER BLAST.

COLIN:

(GASPS, COLLAPSES TO GROUND)

ANNIE:

It's us next, Doctor...!

DOCTOR:

Yes. The only question is: is that staser set to 'stun'? Or to 'kill'?

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

REPRISE:

FX: STASER BLAST.

HELEN:

(GASPS, COLLAPSES TO GROUND)

COLIN:

(RUSHES OVER) Hel! Hel, are you alr-

FX: STASER BLAST.

COLIN:

(GASPS, COLLAPSES TO GROUND)

ANNIE:

It's us next, Doctor...!

DOCTOR:

Yes. The only question is: is that staser set to 'stun'? Or to 'kill'?

SCENE CONTINUES:

21. INT. AUCTION ROOMS – FOYER [CONTINUOUS]

GRIGOR:

(INTO R/T) Control. Fourth and fifth witnesses discussing staser guns. Awaiting instructions.

CROSS TO:

22. INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT [CONTINUOUS]

FX: STILL HOVERING.

GRIGOR:

(OVER R/T) Repeat. Fourth and fifth witnesses discussing "staser guns".

JANINE:

(INTO R/T) Confirm – 'staser', not 'Taser'?

GRIGOR:

(OVER R/T) Roger: 'staser', not 'Taser'. Awaiting instructions.

CROSS BACK TO:

23. INT. AUCTION ROOMS — FOYER [CONTINUOUS]

ANNIE:

Looks like they're winching up that clock.

DOCTOR:

So they are...

GRIGOR:

(INTO R/T) Stun them also. Roger that.

DOCTOR:

"Stun". Well, at least that's something.

GRIGOR:

Do not move! I have my instructions.

DOCTOR:

And you must obey, I suppose? (TO SOLDIER) Please, uh, Sergeant? Might I talk to your — commander? Controller? I've a feeling that he and I might be very old acquaintances.

GRIGOR:

I do not believe that.

DOCTOR:

Your master wouldn't want you to stun me, let alone kill me. Not if he knew who I was.

GRIGOR:

My (MIMICKING HIM) 'master' is a she. So I know you are [lying.]

FX: FROM BACK ROOM — GLASS SMASHES [THE DRAGONHUNTERS HAVE BROKEN THROUGH A SKYLIGHT].

ANNIE:

What was that?

DOCTOR:

It came from the rear of the premises. The storage area.

GRIGOR:

Who else is here? Tell me!

DOCTOR:

I've no idea.

ANNIE:

I don't mind looking, if that's all right with our Russian friend?

GRIGOR:

Both of you. Open the doors. One side each. Do it, or I kill you now!

DOCTOR:

Is this to be a permanent reprieve, or is it only temporary?

ANNIE:

Why would you want to antagonise him?

GRIGOR:

Open doors. Open them now. Slowly...!

FX: DOCTOR AND ANNIE PULL OPEN EACH SIDE OF HEAVY, HINGED FIRE DOORS.

DOCTOR:

See? Nothing there.

FX: 2 x GIANT DRAGONFLIES HOVER-BUZZ INTO VIEW.

GRIGOR:

What in-?

ANNIE:

Apart from the two eight-foot floating dragonflies.

DOCTOR:

Good heavens. Dragonhunters!

GRIGOR:

(INTO R/T) Control? Control? Requesting instructions!

JADE NYMPH:

Dragonmaster? There is a creature here with a staser gun!

GOMPHUS:

Does it appear dangerous to you, my novice?

JADE NYMPH:

It does.

GOMPHUS:

Then you may disarm it.

CROSS TO:

24. INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT [CONTINUOUS]

FX: STILL HOVERING.

GRIGOR:

(OVER R/T) They are dragonflies. They are eight feet high!

JANINE:

Do they appear dangerous?

GRIGOR:

(OVER R/T) They are eight feet high dragonflies! [Eight f-]

FX: NOISE LIKE A TASER [SIC: TASER!] FIRING.

GRIGOR:

(OVER R/T) (CRIES OUT)

FX: DROPS R/T; STATIC.

JANINE:

Sergeant-at-arms? – Grigor? What's happening? Grigor!
(OBVIOUSLY, NO ANSWER COMING) Never mind. Pilot? Is the item
secure? – Then proceed back to base. (BEAT) Proceed!

CROSS BACK TO:

25. INT. AUCTION ROOMS — FOYER [CONTINUOUS]

FX: AS CIRCLING HELICOPTER MOVES OFF:

GOMPUS:

Is the creature disarmed?

FX: NYMPH HOVER-BUZZES OVER.

JADE NYMPH:

It is, Dragonmaster.

ANNIE:

(ASIDE) What was that thing that shot out of its thorax? A sting?

DOCTOR:

It carried an electrical charge. Rather like a biological Taser.

FX: HE CROSSES TO SOLDIER'S UNCONSCIOUS BODY.

ANNIE:

Taser, not staser?

DOCTOR:

Indeed. (CHECKING PULSE) He's unconscious, but he'll live. Now, where's that radio? — Ah!

FX: GOMPUS HOVER-BUZZES OVER.

GOMPUS:

Do not touch the communications device!

DOCTOR:

Please, I need to speak to whoever was controlling this man.

ANNIE:

No point, Doctor. Hear that?

JADE NYMPH:

Hear... what?

ANNIE:

Exactly.

DOCTOR:

(REALISATION) The helicopter's gone. They'll be out of range!

GOMPUS:

We may still trace them. My novice — the fallen soldier. Take his consciousness.

JADE NYMPH:

Dragonmaster Gomphus, I am flattered you would entrust me with such a task.

FX: BEGINS TO HOVER-BUZZ.

ANNIE:

'Take his consciousness'?

DOCTOR:

They're Dragonhunters. A race of insectoid assassins with breeding grounds in Galaxy Five. Among their attributes is the ability to liquefy and absorb the contents of their victims' brains.

ANNIE:

How do you even know this?

FX: BUZZING NYMPH UNFURLS A PROBOSCIS FROM HER MOUTH PARTS, DROOLING STICKY SALIVA. KIND OF LIKE THE INNER JAW EMERGING FROM THE HEAD OF THE H.R. GIGER 'ALIEN'.

DOCTOR:

One sort of picks it up, I suppose. – She's going to use that needle-like proboscis, see?

ANNIE:

Won't that kill him?

DOCTOR:

Yes. (STEPPING IN, LOUDLY) Which is why I'd sooner she stopped!

JADE NYMPH:

Stand aside, human!

DOCTOR:

I'm not human. And if you think that liquefying this man's brain will help you find the Master, well – I think you're mistaken!

JADE NYMPH:

The Master...!

GOMPHUS:

The Jade Nymph and I observed you both in the burial ground. We followed you here so we might locate the creature known as the Master.

DOCTOR:

Ah. Well, I'm afraid I don't know where he is. Or what he even looks like at the moment.

GOMPUS:

Then you are of no interest to us. Proceed with the extraction!

FX: MORE HORRID PROBOSCIS SOUNDS, AS IT EXTENDS.

DOCTOR:

Please, stop, you mustn't!

GOMPUS:

Is this not one of the Master's henchmen? That is what we presumed.

DOCTOR:

Very possibly. But if this man was under the Master's control, then his consciousness will have been addled. Any information you're able to glean from it will be unreliable. What's more, it won't taste very nice!

GOMPUS:

We Dragonhunters do not kill for killing's sake. Nor for bounty, like you.

DOCTOR:

'Bounty'?

GOMPUS:

But should you continue to impede our honourable mission...!
(GRABS ANNIE)

ANNIE:

Ah! Get off me!

GOMPUS:

Quiet, parasite!

DOCTOR:

(REALISATION) You think we're bounty hunters!

GOMPUS:

Why else would you be seeking the Master in this place?

ANNIE:

I've no idea what any of you are on about.

DOCTOR:

Don't worry, everything's starting to become clear. – So there's a price on the Master's head, is there?

GOMPUS:

Bounty hunters have followed the Master's trail here. So we have followed theirs. The final part of my novice the Jade Nymph's initiation is to make his ignoble killing noble.

JADE NYMPH:

And I shall not fail in my task, Dragonmaster!

DOCTOR:

I can't let Earth become a battleground for intergalactic assassins. Not when this is Time Lord business.

GOMPUS:

You are a Time Lord?

JADE NYMPH:

Like the Master?

DOCTOR:

Yes. So please – let these humans go, and I will help you!

GOMPUS:

How?

DOCTOR:

I have the key to his TARDIS. – (PRODUCES KEY) See?

ANNIE:

Yes, and I gave it to you!

DOCTOR:

It generates its own low-level psychic field. Homing in on the telepathic circuits in the Master's TARDIS. That's why it was able to influence this woman's actions. And that's why I'll be able to use the telepathic circuits in my own TARDIS to home in on the Master's ship.

JADE NYMPH:

(CATCHING ON) Dragonmaster – wherever the Master's TARDIS is...

GOMPUS:

(EXCITED) That is where he will be!

CROSS TO:

26. INT. AUCTION ROOMS – FOYER (COLIN'S POV) [CONTINUOUS]

FX: COLIN'S POV. HE'S JUST COMING ROUND, SO WHAT HE'S HEARING IN THE ROOM IS WOOLY, DISTORTED – DOESN'T HAVE TO BE CLEAR.

DOCTOR:

(D) Well, Dragonhunters? Do we have a deal?

MASTER:

(FROM SCENE 41) *Help me!*

COLIN:

Whuh...?

JADE NYMPH:

(D) Great Dragonmaster, you know Time Lords better than I. Can this one be trusted?

GOMPHUS:

(D) It is said that no Time Lord can be trusted. But this is your test, my novice.

MASTER:

(FROM SCENE 41) *I said, help me!*

JADE NYMPH:

(D) I believe... there are two of us, and only one of him.

GOMPHUS:

(D) Then we should let him help us.

MASTER:

(FROM SCENE 41) *Cretin!*

CROSS BACK TO:

27. INT. AUCTION ROOMS – FOYER [CONTINUOUS]

FX: REGULAR POV.

COLIN:

(STIRS, STILL HALF-CONSCIOUS) Aaah...!

ANNIE:

(STILL IN GOMPHUS' GRIP) The boy's coming round.

DOCTOR:

Yes, the staser stun-shot's wearing off. – I take it that's a 'Yes', then, Dragonhunters? You'll come with me to my TARDIS?

JADE NYMPH:

Be warned, Time Lord: there will be two of us...

DOCTOR:

But only one of me, yes.

ANNIE:

What about me?

DOCTOR:

You'll have to stay here, I'm afraid.

ANNIE:

That's all the thanks I get, is it?

DOCTOR:

Dragonmaster – please, let her go.

GOMPHUS:

Agreed. (LETS GO OF ANNIE)

ANNIE:

Much obliged. – What about all this lot? These teenagers?

JADE NYMPH:

We should kill them. They may be bounty hunters. Or the Master's creatures.

DOCTOR:

No, I think they were just innocent bystanders. (TO ANNIE) You might want to tie that soldier up, though. He could be dangerous.

ANNIE:

Me? – I don't know how to tie people up!

DOCTOR:

Improvise, it's what all the best people do.

GOMPHUS:

We should depart.

FX: DRAGONHUNTERS HOVER OVER TO DOOR.

DOCTOR:

Yes. (WALKING TO DOOR) Thank you for all your help, Annie. Really, it's been most appreciated. But believe me, the best way I can return the favour is to not let you get involved any further.

ANNIE:

You might be right.

FX: DOCTOR PUSHES OUTSIDE DOOR.

DOCTOR:

Actually, before I go, would you pass me that staser? I ought to make it safe...

ANNIE:

Don't worry, I'll throw it in the river. Improvise, right?

DOCTOR:

Yes, I suppose so. Goodbye.

FX: EXITS OUTSIDE, ALONG WITH DRAGONHUNTERS. CONTINUES INTO:

28. EXT. OUTSIDE AUCTION ROOMS [CONTINUOUS]

FX: OUTSIDE DOOR CLOSES. DRAGONHUNTERS HOVERING.

DOCTOR:

Right, then, Dragonhunters. I left my TARDIS in a lay-by, a mile or so north. You'll have to follow me from the air.

JADE NYMPH:

We cannot let go of you.

GOMPHUS:

We do not trust Time Lords.

DOCTOR:

What are you going to do? Fly me there?

FX: DRAGONHUNTERS' WINGS FLUTTERING IN READINESS — LIKE ROTORS BEGINNING TO SPEED UP.

JADE NYMPH:

Do you have a tight hold of him, Dragonmaster?

GOMPHUS:

I do.

DOCTOR:

What, really? If you wouldn't mind, I'd rather waaaaaaaaaaaaa—
[lk]

FX: OVER "WALK", ALL THREE RISE RAPIDLY INTO THE AIR, BUZZING.

CROSS TO:

29. INT. AUCTION ROOMS — FOYER [CONTINUOUS]

FX: AUCTION HOUSE DOOR CLOSSES.

BEAT.

ANNIE:

They've gone. You can stop pretending now. — Children, I'm talking to you!

COLIN:

(GETTING UP) Look, stop calling us children! We're f[orty—]

HELEN:

(CUTTING OVER) Colin, that's enough! (GETTING UP) How did you know, um...?

ANNIE:

Annie. I saw your boyfriend picking his nose on the quiet.

COLIN:

I was scratching!

HELEN:

He's not my boyfriend. — Thank you, Annie. You can go now.

ANNIE:

Can I?

HELEN:

We're fine here. Really.

ANNIE:

I'm not going anywhere. I'm going to wake up Boris-not-Johnson there, and find out if he knows where the Doctor's gone.

COLIN:

Do you even know a word of Russian?

ANNIE:

No, but I've got this, er —

HELEN:

Staser, yes. — Colin? Shall we help the lady?

ANNIE:

I don't need any help. (FIRMLY) You two — go.

GRIGOR:

(STIRRING; SEMI-CONSCIOUS) *Strekozy...*! [NB: MEANS 'DRAGONFLIES']

COLIN:

Listen to that. It's wearing off.

HELEN:

That's why you need our help, Annie. Colin there used to be a Sea Scout.

ANNIE:

So?

HELEN:

You don't know how to tie people up. But Colin knows all the knots – don't you, Colin?

COLIN:

(PROUDLY) Bowline. Sheepshank. Sheet bend. Double sheet bend. Figure of eight. Fireman's chair. Clove hitch. Rolling [hitch]

ANNIE:

Alright, alright!

COLIN:

Not forgetting the good old Reef.

GRIGOR:

(STIRRING) *Strekozy...! Niet...!*

ANNIE:

Yes, I could use your help.

COLIN:

We'd best find some rope, then.

30. INT. TARDIS – CONTROL ROOM

FX: STATIONARY AMBIENCE. DOORS OPEN. DRAGONHUNTERS HOVERING AT THRESHOLD.

DOCTOR:

Hover in. There's plenty of room.

GOMPHUS:

Dimensional transcendence. I have heard of this!

FX: DRAGONHUNTERS FLUTTER IN, COME TO STOP BESIDE CONSOLE.
DOCTOR FOLLOWS.

JADE NYMPH:

It flies, this conveyance?

DOCTOR:

It's a little more convenient than being hoisted up by the pair of you, (WINCES) and a lot less wearing on one's shoulders.

FX: CLOSES DOORS.

DOCTOR:

Now, then. –

FX: ACTIVATES ELECTRONIC SCANNING DEVICE. STATICKY SOUNDS.

JADE NYMPH:

What are these sounds?

DOCTOR:

My TARDIS's telepathic circuits are tuning into the telepathic circuits in the Master's TARDIS.

GOMPHUS:

So where is it?

DOCTOR:

There's too much noise at ground level, I'm afraid. Short-wave transmissions, long-wave transmissions, frequency modulated transmissions, microwave transmissions. Like trying to make out a whisper through the wall of a discotheque. (FX: PRESSING BUTTONS) Perhaps if I take her a few thousand feet up...?

FX: TARDIS DEMATERIALISES.

31. INT. AUCTION ROOMS — FOYER

FX: ROPE PULLED TIGHT.

GRIGOR:

(PULLED; GROANS) *Strekozy...tStrekozy!*

COLIN:

That should do it.

HELEN:

What is that, he keeps on saying?

ANNIE:

At a guess... "Dragonflies"?

COLIN:

Well, at least we know a word of Russian now.

HELEN:

He's still not properly conscious. Perhaps we should — I don't know, throw some water in his face?

AUCTIONEER:

(STRUGGLING UP) You people. What are you doing?

COLIN:

Oh look, now the Cravat King's woken up!

HELEN:

Please, we just need to talk to this man.

GRIGOR:

Niet...!

AUCTIONEER:

This is a respectable auction house, not a, a torture chamber! — This madness must stop. Helicopters. Russians. Ray guns...

ANNIE:

Just be thankful you missed the giant dragonflies.

GRIGOR:

Strekozy...!

AUCTIONEER:

I will not tolerate this one moment more. I'm calling the police.

COLIN:

Good luck with that, mister. Do you even know the response time, out here in the sticks? We'll be long gone before the cops arrive.

AUCTIONEER:

(BEGINS MARCHING TO DOOR) Then I shall call for assistance elsewhere!

HELEN:

He's making for the door! Stop him, Colin!

COLIN:

Why can't you?

FX: AUCTIONEER BEGINS TO PULL DOOR...

AUCTIONEER:

(CALLING OUT) Help! Thie—h[ves!]

FX: CUT SHORT BY STASER SHOT. CRUMPLES. DOOR SWINGS SHUT.

COLIN:

You didn't just —

ANNIE:

(QUICKLY) Don't worry, it's still set to stun.

COLIN:

You're sure?

ANNIE:

Yes!

HELEN:

Leave him, Colin. Fetch a bucket of water, do something useful.

ANNIE:

We don't need water. Our Russian friend's wide awake now.

HELEN:

He still looks out of it to me.

ANNIE:

No, he flinched when I fired the gun. (SHARPLY) Didn't you?

GRIGOR:

I tell you nothing. You are not soldiers, you will not hurt me. You are interfering English people, that is all.

ANNIE:

Silly boy, I'm not just no-one. I'm with M.I. Five.

GRIGOR:

(UNCERTAIN) M. I.—?

COLIN:

What, really? You're a spook? Really?

HELEN:

If she was, she'd know how to tie someone up, stupid.

ANNIE:

Nice Annie was my cover. Nice Annie, house-hunting in Hexford. Of course Nice Annie wouldn't know how to tie someone up. — Nasty Annie, on the other hand... (CLOSE TO GRIGOR) Nasty Annie knows how to tie someone to those rafters by their ankles, and let them swing. Nasty Annie's observed the cabinet over there, full of cavalry swords...

COLIN:

Oh yeah...! — Oh wow.

ANNIE:

So what do you think, my Russian friend? Do you want to talk to Nice Annie, nicely? Or do I have to get Nasty?

GRIGOR:

(SWALLOWS HARD) If... if I tell you what you want to know, will I be protected? Will I have — what is word? — Immunity!

ANNIE:

First, you tell me everything. Then... I'll see what I can do.

GRIGOR:

I am with private security firm. Dirty jobs. Wet jobs. All round world, for different clients.

ANNIE:

So who's your client now? Your master?

GRIGOR:

She has rented big house, in gated compound. We fetch, we carry, we guard perimeter. We obey. We think, perhaps, she is oligarch's mistress? But we do not ask questions. People like that hire people who do not ask questions.

ANNIE:

Where is it, this compound?

GRIGOR:

I do not know roads from here. (BRIGHTLY) But I do know G.P.S. reference!

32. INT. TARDIS – CONTROL ROOM

FX: DING! AS TARDIS MATERIALISES.

DOCTOR:

There, let's see how everything looks at thirty-two thousand feet, shall we...?

FX: BUTTON-PRESSING. ELECTRONIC 'SCANNING' SOUND CONTINUES, BUT LESS STATICKY AND DISTORTED, THROUGH:

GOMPHUS:

Why is it taking so long?

DOCTOR:

Patience, Dragonmaster, patience!

JADE NYMPH:

We cannot wait forever. I am already three days old. Dragonmaster Gomphus is nearly thirty!

DOCTOR:

Yes, you have mayfly lives. A lot to pack in, I suppose.

GOMPHUS:

Soon, perhaps within hours, my wings will begin to crack and crumble. Then, it will be the Jade Nymph's privilege to drain every last scintilla of life experience from my brain.

DOCTOR:

Through her proboscis, I presume?

GOMPHUS:

Each new generation absorbs the knowledge of the last.

DOCTOR:

You know, that really is a fascinating adaptation. (CASUALLY) Tell me, Dragonhunters – should we succeed in locating the Master, what will you do to him?

JADE NYMPH:

Slay him, of course.

GOMPHUS:

The Master's misdeeds are infamous across the seven galaxies. A life devoted in its entirety to the pursuit, capture and despatch of such a monster would not be wasted.

DOCTOR:

Yes, I can see why you might think that way. Every second counts to a member of your species. Every millisecond, even.

JADE NYMPH:

Even this conversation is an eternity! (CALLING OUT) TARDIS! If you truly are a thinking machine, hear this – if have not located the Master within one Earth minute, I shall begin to eat your pilot! Piece by piece by piece!

DOCTOR:

I don't think she'll take kindly to threats.

JADE NYMPH:

Fifty seconds!

DOCTOR:

I quite agree, the Master has done many terrible things – cruel, unwarranted, evil things; for cruel, unwarranted, evil reasons. Or worse, no reason at all.

JADE NYMPH:

Forty!

DOCTOR:

But now I've been told that something happened to the Master. He changed. Not just now, but more than thirty Earth years ago. He stopped. He hid himself away.

JADE NYMPH:

Thirty!

DOCTOR:

I want to know why. Perhaps he was hiding from assassins like you. Perhaps he destroyed himself deliberately, so he might regenerate and escape in another form.

JADE NYMPH:

Twenty!

DOCTOR:

Perhaps, in his post-regenerative delusion, he doesn't even know who he is any more. Perhaps he's no longer – well, evil.

JADE NYMPH:

Ten!

DOCTOR:

A naïve hope, I know. Your tragedy, Dragonhunters, is that you don't have the time to listen. Mine is, I have far too much.

JADE NYMPH:

No, Doctor. Now, your time is up...!

FX: SUDDENLY – A MEWLING, BLEATING VERSION OF A TARDIS MATERIALISATION. AS IF A TARDIS WERE CRYING.

GOMPUS:

What is that noise? What does it mean?

DOCTOR:

It's the distress signal emitted by the Master's TARDIS! The one that drew me here in the first place!

FX: CHITTERY COMPUTER BLEEPS; A SEQUENCE.

DOCTOR:

Latitude fifty-point-nine-three... something. Still in motion, but beginning to slow down.

GOMPUS:

Wait. You say a distress signal drew you here? From the Master's TARDIS?

DOCTOR:

Well, yes –

JADE NYMPH:

Then you came here to answer that call. You mean to aid the Master!

DOCTOR:

Not necessarily, no. – Look, do you want to find the Master or not?

GOMPUS:

Take us to him! Now!!!

DOCTOR:

Very well –

FX: BLIPS ON CONSOLE. DEMATERIALISATION BEGINS.

JADE NYMPH:

Hurry. Hurry!

DOCTOR:

I am hurrying.

JADE NYMPH:

I was talking to your TARDIS.

FX: DEMATERIALISATION ENDS. DING!

GOMPUS:

We are here. We have arrived?

DOCTOR:

So it would appear.

JADE NYMPH:

Then let us go and kill the Master. Come, Dragonmaster!

FX: THEY HOVER-BUZZ OVER TO DOORS.

GOMPUS:

Doctor, open the doors!

DOCTOR:

Well, if you're sure –

FX: HE ACTIVATES DOOR CONTROL. IMMEDIATELY – ROARING WIND OUTSIDE, A HURRICANE.

JADE NYMPH:

What is this?!

DOCTOR:

(OVER NOISE) We appear to have materialised in the eye of an Atlantic hurricane!

GOMPUS:

What?!

DOCTOR:

(OVER NOISE) It's alright, I've got a tight grip of the console! You, on the other hand –

JADE NYMPH & GOMPUS:

(CRY OUT AS THEY'RE SUCKED OUT OF THE TARDIS, INTO THE STORM)

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT AS HE... FX: CLOSES DOORS) Sorry about that, old girl. But I warned them, we don't much care for violence. – Now. Let's get you out of this storm. What were those co-ordinates again?

FX: BEGINS INPUTTING CO-ORDINATES. RESPONSIVE BLEEPES.

DOCTOR:

Latitude...afifty-point-nine-three-three-nine. Longitude... minus two-point-four. There.

FX: TARDIS VWORPS AWAY.

33. INT. AUCTION ROOMS — FOYER

FX: ANNIE PUTTING NUMBERS INTO SMARTPHONE. RESPONSIVE BEEPS.

ANNIE:

Latitude...afifty-point-nine-three-three-nine. Longitude... minus two-point-four. There. Sixty point oh-five miles. Thank you.

GRIGOR:

Grigor. My name is Grigor.

ANNIE:

Grigor. Is there nothing else you can tell me?

GRIGOR:

Is big house, all metal and glass. Nothing but fields around. You will not miss it.

COLIN:

(ASIDE) She's for real, Hel. Actually for real!

HELEN:

(ASIDE) I don't know, Colin.

COLIN:

(ASIDE) Don't you get it? We can tell her everything. She can protect us, too!

GRIGOR:

I go with you? I get protection now?

ANNIE:

You're staying here.

GRIGOR:

Then -hyou are going there?

HELEN:

To this 'compound'?

COLIN:

Right now?

ANNIE:

I think the Doctor could use some back-up.

COLIN:

Well, we're coming with you!

ANNIE:

Colin, you're going nowhere.

COLIN:

Yes, we are! Me and Helen – we were thinking... Well, we were thinking we'd tell you everything, too. About us. About (HUSHED) the Master.

HELEN:

Colin...!

COLIN:

Come on, there's no point pretending, not any more.

ANNIE:

You know about the Master?

COLIN:

Yeah, we know all about the Master.

HELEN:

We met him once, a while back. We thought he was dead, but he's not, is he?

ANNIE:

No, I don't believe he is.

COLIN:

We want to find him; M.I. Five want to find him; that Doctor wants to find him. Makes sense if we all join forces, right?

ANNIE:

(CONSIDERING) You know about the Master.

HELEN:

It's a long story.

COLIN:

Yeah, but it's a long drive. We can tell you on the way.

ANNIE:

All right.

COLIN:

What, seriously?

ANNIE:

Yes, seriously. To be honest, it's a relief.

HELEN:

How do you mean?

ANNIE:

I thought I was going to have to kill you.

(BEAT)

COLIN:

Right...

ANNIE:

Spy joke, fell flat, sorry. (FX: PULLS DOOR OPEN) Come on, we'd better go. (USHERING COLIN AND HELEN OUT) Go, go! Before I change my mind!

HELEN:

(EXITING) Come on then, Colin...

GRIGOR:

Hey. —eHey! What about me? What about protection?

ANNIE:

You just wait there. Someone will come for you. (EXITS)

FX: HER HEELS CLIPPING AWAY OUTSIDE.

GRIGOR:

(CALLING AFTER) Don't let them be too long, eh?

FX: DOOR SWINGS SHUT.

(LONG PAUSE, THEN...)

FX: HEELS CLIPPING HURRIEDLY BACK. ANNIE PUSHES DOOR OPEN.

ANNIE:

Hello, Grigor.

FX: PUSHES DOOR SHUT QUICKLY.

GRIGOR:

You back already?

ANNIE:

I forgot my handbag.

GRIGOR:

When did you have handbag?

ANNIE:

That's what I told those children, anyway. (PRODUCES STASER)

GRIGOR:

What are you doing with staser? You are going to stun me again?

ANNIE:

I'm not going to stun you, Grigor. Just like I didn't stun that Auctioneer.

GRIGOR:

Eh?

FX: STASER SHOT. GRIGOR AND CHAIR HE'S TIED TO THUMP TO FLOOR.

(BEAT)

FX: ANNIE PULLS DOOR OPEN.

ANNIE:

(CALLING) Sorry! I'm right here! I'm coming!

FX: SHE PULLS DOOR BEHIND. HEELS HURRYING AWAY OUTSIDE. FADE.

34. EXT. HELIPAD

FX: ROTORS SLOWING. JANINE SLIDES OPEN COCKPIT DOOR. JUMPS TO GROUND, STARTS WALKING OFF.

JANINE:

Come on, I want that clock secured in the basement! We're a man down, so I'll be calling for reinforcements. 'Til then, you're both on double sh-h(BREAKS OFF; STOPS WALKING) Is anyone listening to me? I said, I want that clock secured! (BEAT; CALLS TO PILOT) Pilot - is there a problem with the door to the troop compartment? (BEAT) Don't just shrug your shoulders, try it yourself!

FX: PILOT WALKS A FEW STEPS AROUND HELICOPTER. SLIDES TROOP COMPARTMENT DOOR OPEN.

JANINE:

Hurry it up, you indolent Ivans! You know I can make you obey. You don't like it when I make you [obey]

FX: STASER SHOT FROM INSIDE TROOP COMPARTMENT. PILOT'S BODY DROPS TO TARMAC.

JANINE:

What the-?

MIKEY:

(STEPPING OUT FROM INSIDE HELICOPTER) Don't move, Janine.

JANINE:

I - ("HOW RIDICULOUS!") My name isn't 'Janine'!

FX: MIKEY JUMPS TO GROUND.

MIKEY:

It used to be, a long time ago. You haven't changed. Yeah, you're just the same.

JANINE:

Who are you? Take those silly sunglasses off, so I can see.

MIKEY:

(DOES SO) Remember me now?

JANINE:

No. No-! It can't be. Divvy Mikey!

MIKEY:

Don't call me that.

JANINE:

Divvy Mikey. Wow, you got old. But what have you done to my boys? My lovely Russian boys. Timor and... the other one. With the prison tattoos.

MIKEY:

I was watching the auction house, waiting for whoever bought that 'clock' to come and collect.

JANINE:

Bet you weren't expecting a helicopter.

MIKEY:

No. But I climbed up the line, while your goons were bringing the 'clock' aboard. Then I showed them what a real gun looks like. My brother's old Browning. I got them to hand over their stasers and (MAKES STASER SOUND).

JANINE:

(FLATLY) You stunned them.

MIKEY:

Maximum setting. They'll be out for hours. - Where is he, Janine?

JANINE:

Inside.

MIKEY:

I knew it. I knew he'd come back.

JANINE:

Oh, he came back...

MIKEY:

He got to you, and now you're working for him.

JANINE:

Like I said, he's inside.

MIKEY:

Hands on your head. Janine. Turn around and take me to him.

JANINE:

Ohh, I get it. You think he's inside there. In the house.

MIKEY:

He's not?

JANINE:

Nooo. He's inside. In... here.

MIKEY:

In... you?

FX: WEIRD 'HYPNOTISM' SOUND, AS BEFORE — NON-DIEGETIC.

JANINE:

Take a look, Mikey. Look into my eyes. What do you see?

MIKEY:

He's inside you!

JANINE:

No, don't look away, Mikey. Look into my eyes...

FX: TARDIS MATERIALISATION SOUND BEGINS. THIRTY FEET OFF. HYPNO SOUND FADES.

JANINE:

Look — Oh, what's the use, you're all distracted!

MIKEY:

That sound. You remember? That sound!

FX: FROM SCENE 57, ECHOING IN JANINE'S HEAD:

MASTER:

That sound...!

FX: CROSS TO 30 FEET AWAY:

35. EXT. HELIPAD – BY TARDIS [CONTINUOUS]

FX: TARDIS DOOR OPENED.

DOCTOR:

(EXITING, CALLING OUT WARILY) Hello? (FX: CLOSES DOOR) Hello...?

MIKEY:

(RUNNING UP FROM OFF) Doctor. You took your time.

DOCTOR:

I beg your pardon?

MIKEY:

You don't remember me, do you? You don't remember me at all. My name's Michael. Mikey, for short.

DOCTOR:

Michael? (REALISATION) Not... Michael Masterson?

MIKEY:

That stupid name. Yeah. I'm Michael Masterson.

JANINE:

(ARRIVING) Masterson. Do you get it? Master... son. Son of the Master. Masterson!

DOCTOR:

Really? And who might you be?

MIKEY:

Don't listen to her, Doctor. She was the one who bought the clock. She's working for the Master!

JANINE:

"Doctor"? – You're the Doctor?

DOCTOR:

I am, yes. I'm sorry, you seem to have me at a disadvantage, miss...?

JANINE:

That police box. That's your spaceship? Your TARDIS?

DOCTOR:

It is, as a matter of fact.

JANINE:

That man there. The Master's son. He's got a gun. A staser gun. He wants to kill us both.

DOCTOR:

What?

MIKEY:

I said, don't listen to her...!

JANINE:

But you could take me away, couldn't you, Doctor? Away from all this, in your TARDIS?

DOCTOR:

We've not yet been properly introduced.

JANINE:

Look at me, Doctor. Look into my eyes...

FX: WEIRD 'HYPNOTISM' SOUND BEGINS.

DOCTOR:

Your eyes...?

JANINE:

Obeys me, Doctor! Look into my eyes, and obey!

FX: FROM SCENE 52, ECHOING IN JANINE'S HEAD:

MASTER:

Obeys me. Obeys!

DOCTOR:

Are you trying to hypnotise me...?

MIKEY:

I'm warning you, Janine...!

FX: MIKEY FIRES STASER SHOT INTO THE AIR — A WARNING. HYPNOTIC SOUND FADES SUPER-QUICKLY.

JANINE:

Mikey, I nearly had him!

DOCTOR:

I'm not as susceptible to hypnotism as you seem to think, young woman.

JANINE:

(SULKY) My name's Janine.

MIKEY:

She's dangerous, Doctor. What's inside her is dangerous.

DOCTOR:

Possibly. But so is that weapon you're carrying, er, Mikey. Really, it'd be far better if you gave it to me.

MIKEY:

I'll keep it for now, thanks.

JANINE:

Doctor, you have to help me. He comes into my head. The Master. He talks to me. Please, can you make him go away?

DOCTOR:

Well, I can try. Perhaps we could discuss this further inside? This may sound odd, but there are creatures, Dragonhunters. Eight foot tall alien assassins, with wings.

MIKEY:

No, it figures. They're looking for the Master, too?

DOCTOR:

Indeed. I tried to shake them off, in the air. But I don't suppose they'll be far behind.

36. INT. LOUNGE

FX: FULL LENGTH WINDOWS SLIDE OPEN.

MIKEY:

All right, get in. Both of you.

DOCTOR:

All this glass. It's not secure.

JANINE:

It's intelligent glass, silly. State of the art. Close the door.

FX: MIKEY SLIDES DOOR SHUT.

JANINE:

There. Now we can see out, but no-one else can see in.

MIKEY:

He gave you everything you wanted, then. The luxury lifestyle.

JANINE:

It wasn't him, actually. It's brilliant, it's all voice-controlled. House: a low fire, please.

FX: GAS FIRE LIGHTS IN THE GRATE.

JANINE:

There, that's better.

DOCTOR:

Yes. Forgive me, but there are a few questions I'd like to ask you both. If you don't mind.

JANINE:

House: double sensor scan rate on the perimeter. Alert me if so much as a leaf falls. —eWe don't want to be disturbed, do we?

DOCTOR:

No, I suppose not. What I want to know is this:

MIKEY:

When we first met him. How we first met him. The Master.

DOCTOR:

To start with, yes.

JANINE:

OK. It all began the day we got thrown off the bus, on the way back from school...

37. INT. CAR (IN MOTION)

FX: ANNIE DRIVING.

COLIN:

It was all Janine's fault. She'd been singing "Relax" from the back seat just to wind the bus driver up. Over and over, really loudly. A few miles short of home he flipped, and chucked all four of us out.

ANNIE:

Wait a minute. When was this?

COLIN:

About four o' clock in the afternoon?

HELEN:

She means the year, Colin.

COLIN:

"Relax"? - Nineteen eighty-four, obviously.

ANNIE:

(INCREDULOUS) Nineteen...

COLIN:

Great year for music. Frankie, Nena, Nik Kershaw, the Thompson Twins at their peak.

HELEN:

Annie wasn't even born then, Colin. But to her, we look like teenagers still.

ANNIE:

You mean, you're not?

COLIN:

We're forty-eight years old! Forty-nine next birthday. Look, do you want us to tell you what happened or not?

38. INT. LOUNGE

DOCTOR:

Nineteen eighty-four? But that's the year I came here from!

MIKEY:

Beginning to remember now – Doctor?

JANINE:

Nineteen eighty-four. The year the Master came.

MIKEY:

The year he ruined all our lives.

FROM SCENE 57:

MASTER:

Such good children. The sons and daughters I never had...

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

(NO REPRISE)

39. INT. LOUNGE

DOCTOR:

Please, tell me everything that happened, all those years ago.

MIKEY:

We were on our way back home from school. Only Janine got us chucked off the bus.

JANINE:

That driver. Just dumped us, right in the middle of nowhere! Can you believe it? He'd so end up in court now.

MIKEY:

The bus went round the houses – through Crowbrook and the Hodcombes. I said I knew a shortcut home to Hexford, over fields. Be back home sooner than waiting at the bus stop, I thought.

JANINE:

Only you didn't know the way – did you, Mikey?

FX: CROSSFADE TO:

40. EXT. FIELDS [1984]

FX: 4 x TEENAGERS WALKING.

COLIN:

...Oso he says, (YOUNG ONES NEIL) "Have we got a video?" And they all say -

JANINE & HELEN & MIKEY:

"Yes, we've got a video!"

COLIN:

You saw it.

HELEN:

Colin, everyone saw it.

JANINE:

(STOPS) Miii-key. Is it much further?

MIKEY:

See that stile, Janine? At the far end of the field? There's a footpath.

JANINE:

That leads back to the road, does it?

MIKEY:

I think so.

COLIN:

What's that mean?

HELEN:

Mikey. You have actually been this way before?

MIKEY:

I've got a good sense of direction. Everyone says.

COLIN:

(SIGH) Just brilliant.

JANINE:

You know what everyone says, Mikey?

HELEN:

Janine, don't -

JANINE:

What everyone says is you're a grade-A divvy. A total moron, just like your moron of a [brother]

FX: OVER THIS, WHAM! THE MASTER'S TARDIS PLUMMETS THROUGH THE ROOF OF A BARN, ABOUT TWO HUNDRED YARDS BEHIND THEM.

COLIN:

Whoa! Did you hear that?

HELEN:

The whole ground shook! Like a bomb went off.

COLIN:

Like *the* Bomb went off. (BAD AMERICAN) "This is it, boys! This is war!"

HELEN:

(REPROACHFULLY) Col-in.

JANINE:

Can't have been it. There'd be a mushroom cloud?

COLIN:

Or some red balloons.

MIKEY:

There's smoke. — Back the way we came, there!

COLIN:

Oh, yeah! Past that barn.

HELEN:

In that barn.

COLIN:

You've got good eyesight.

JANINE:

(CRUEL) Must be the gogs.

MIKEY:

I'm going to see. (SETS OFF)

COLIN:

What's to see? Some flaming barn? Literally? — Actually, it might be good. Come on! (FOLLOWS)

JANINE:

Don't be stupid!

HELEN:

Mikey's right. Something happened. Someone might need help. (SETS OFF)

41. INT. BARN [1984]

FX: HISSING – MASTER'S TARDIS (IN CAPSULE FORM) STEAMING WITH HEAT. BARN DOOR RATTLES OPEN.

MIKEY:

Hello? – Hello?

COLIN:

(JOGGING IN) Wait up, Mikey. We're not all Steve Ovet –
(SEEING CAPSULE) Blimey!

MIKEY:

It must have come clean through the roof, look.

COLIN:

What is it?

MIKEY:

I don't know. Satellite?

COLIN:

Satellites have aerals and antennae and stuff.

MIKEY:

Maybe they fell off? (EFFORT AS...)

FX: HE BEGINS MOVING HAYBALES AWAY. CONTINUES THROUGH:

COLIN:

It's smoking hot, whatever it [is] – What are you doing? This whole lot could go up, woof!

MIKEY:

I know, that's why I'm moving the haybales. (DROPS ONE) You could give us a hand if you like?

COLIN:

No fear.

FX: AS MIKEY CONTINUES SHIFTING BALES:

HELEN:

(ARRIVING) What is it?

COLIN:

I don't know, but no way's it a satellite.

HELEN:

Maybe it fell out of a plane?

JANINE:

(ARRIVING) Things don't fall out of planes. Things get dropped out of planes.

COLIN:

What things?

JANINE:

Think about it. We're just a few miles from an airbase?

COLIN:

It's a bomb. — It's *the* Bomb!

HELEN:

Mikey, get away from there!

MIKEY:

If it's *the* Bomb, there's no use running.

FX: SUDDENLY — THE DOOR TO THE CAPSULE MOVES MECHANICALLY — SIMILAR TO SIDRAT-OPENING EFFECT FROM 'THE WAR GAMES'.

JANINE:

(SQUEALS) It's moving!

MIKEY:

No it's not. It's opening.

HELEN:

Opening?

MIKEY:

Can't see the top. We need a ladder.

MASTER:

(DEMANDING, FROM INSIDE CAPSULE) Help me!

JANINE:

There's someone in there!

MASTER:

(APPEARING AT TOP OF CAPSULE) I said, help me!

COLIN:

(SCREAMS) Aaaaah!

MASTER:

(ECHOES HIM) Aaaaaaah! — Cretin. Help me down from here!

HELEN:

He's burned. He's been burned.

42. INT. LOUNGE

DOCTOR:

The Master.

MIKEY:

We didn't know that's who he was. We just thought he needed help.

JANINE:

He looked horrible.

43. INT. BARN [1984]

MASTER:

My... capsule has landed upside-down. I need assistance!

MIKEY:

(COMING OVER, CARRYING LADDER) Out of the way, I found a ladder!

MASTER:

So one of you has a rudimentary intelligence.

FX: LADDER AGAINST SIDE OF CAPSULE.

MIKEY:

(PATTING LADDER) There. — Hold on, I'm coming up.

MASTER:

That will not be necessary.

FX: AS HE CLIMBS DOWN LADDER, CAPSULE DOOR CLOSSES.

COLIN:

It's closing again.

MASTER:

(CLAMBERING DOWN) That is essential, so the internal reconfiguration process may be- (GASPS IN PAIN, SLIPS) Gaaaah!

HELEN:

Catch him!

MIKEY:

(CATCHES MASTER) Alright, I've got you. One more step. Easy does it. There.

MASTER:

(WEAK) Pain. I feel... pain. I need to... to...

MIKEY:

You need a sit-down, that's what you need.

HELEN:

He needs an ambulance. Janine, you're fastest. There's a phone box by the signpost to Hexford. Have you got ten pee?

JANINE:

Yeah, I don't even know the way?

MASTER:

No! I do not need... medics.

COLIN:

Mate. Seriously. You've not seen your face.

HELEN:

I'll go, then!

MASTER:

(WHIPPING OUT GUN FROM UNDER COWL) No medics! Or I will kill you!

COLIN:

He's got a gun. A laser gun!

MASTER:

A staser gun. Imbecile!

COLIN:

Staser?

MASTER:

Yes.

COLIN:

Not laser?

FX: MASTER BLASTS A WARNING SHOT.

COLIN & HELEN & JANINE:

(SQUEAL)

COLIN:

Staser it is, then.

MASTER:

My capsule is damaged. It must repair itself, before it can repair me. Until then... I'm as mortal as you.

MIKEY:

I can get you emollient cream. For the burns?

MASTER:

These scars were... pre-existing. It's my genetic structure that's suffered trauma.

HELEN:

Genetics? Like D.N.A.?

COLIN:

They did a Q.E.D. about it.

MASTER:

Like D.N.A., yes! – Where is the nearest gene therapy facility?

JANINE:

There's only the Jeans Machine in big town.

MASTER:

Then take me there!

JANINE:

(SNIGGER) What, to the Jeans Machine?

COLIN:

It sells denims. She's having a joke.

MASTER:

A joke. Heh. Very... amusing. (CALMLY) Look into my eyes, giggler.

JANINE:

(SHRINKING BACK) I don't want to...!

MASTER:

(COMMANDING) Into my eyes...!

FX: PIERCING HYPNOTIC SOUND.

JANINE:

(GASPS)

MASTER:

I can make you my puppet. I can make you dance to any tune I like. I can make you climb to the top of this ramshackle building and throw yourself from it, and laugh as you do so. For I am your master, and you will obey me.

JANINE:

You are my master, and I shall obey you.

FX: END HYPNOTIC SOUND.

JANINE:

(RELEASED) Ohhh!

HELEN:

It's alright, Janine. You're alright now.

MASTER:

The same applies to all of you. Do you understand?

MIKEY:

What do you want us to do?

MASTER:

Ah, Rudimentary Intelligence. I like you. What is your name?

MIKEY:

Mikey. Michael. Sir.

MASTER:

Tell me, Michael. What is your dearest wish?

MIKEY:

My...?

MASTER:

Your dearest wish. Your feeble beating heart's desire. Show me!
Look into my eyes and show me!

FX: HYPNOTIC SOUND AGAIN.

MIKEY:

(GASPS)

MASTER:

I see it. Yes. You would do anything for this, would you not?

MIKEY:

(MESMERISED) Yes... master.

FX: SOUND CUTS OFF.

MIKEY:

(GASPS, RELEASED)

MASTER:

Then it shall be yours.

44. INT. CAR (IN MOTION)

ANNIE:

He read your minds?

COLIN:

I don't know. It was like he made us think that he had. He could make us think anything.

HELEN:

It was all a trick. He used us, Colin. We were children, and he used us.

45. INT. BARN [1984]

COLIN:

Our heart's desire? Really?

MASTER:

Yours, I think, will be easy to obtain. The giggler's, too.

HELEN:

Who are you? What are you?

MIKEY:

He's from space. He's a spaceman, like E.T.

COLIN:

Only far more handsome. Right, 'Master'?

HELEN:

I want to pass Maths. I'll never be anything if I can't pass Maths. I've been trying and trying but it's all x, y, z this and hypotenuse that and I've been having extra lessons but it's hard, it's too hard and I don't want to let my Dad down [and-]

FX: PIERCING HYPNOTIC SOUND.

MASTER:

Then I shall give you your mathematics. I shall put the knowledge in your head. Do you see?

HELEN:

Yes. Yes! I see. (LAUGHS) It's so easy...!

MASTER:

Laughably easy.

FX: CUT SOUND.

MASTER:

There are certain items I require. To facilitate my recovery, while I wait for my... capsule to repair itself. You will find them and fetch them for me.

COLIN:

Then we'll obey you. (TO THE OTHERS) Won't we?

MIKEY & HELEN & JANINE:

We will obey you.

MASTER:

Good.

HELEN:

Only – we'll be missed?

JANINE:

By our families?

COLIN:

We're late home already.

MASTER:

Yes, you are little more than children still.

COLIN:

We can come back on Saturday, though. The day after tomorrow.

MIKEY:

I can come sooner. I can bring food. You'll need food, won't you?

MASTER:

Thank you, Michael. That would be most appreciated. You others – you will return on Saturday, when I shall give you... further instructions.

COLIN & HELEN & JANINE:

We obey.

MASTER:

My children. What fun we shall have...! (LAUGHS) [LONG & SINISTER]

46. INT. LOUNGE

DOCTOR:

What did he make you do? The Master?

MIKEY:

Little things, at first. Stealing. Just bits and pieces. Electronics, mostly.

JANINE:

It wasn't thieving, like nicking things. He put his mind in ours, so we could just walk into a shop and tell whoever was behind the counter to give us stuff. Just give it. (MASTERY VOICE) "You will obey."

DOCTOR:

It was stealing, of course.

JANINE:

No-one got threatened. No-one got hurt.

DOCTOR:

The adolescent mind is particularly pliable. Plus, if his genetic structure had been damaged in the TARDIS crash, his nucleii could have been leaking into the immediate environment.

JANINE:

He got inside us, yes.

MIKEY:

He stole us too, Janine!

47. INT. BARN [1984]

FX: FRANKENSTEIN LAB EQUIPMENT SPARKING. BUZZ OF A HOUSEFLY.

MASTER:

Yes. Yes! Just three more neutron amps...! (SWATS FLY) Get away from me, insect!

FX: FLY BUZZES INTO EQUIPMENT. BANG! EVERYTHING SHORTS OUT AND POWERS DOWN.

MASTER:

(ENRAGED) Gaaah!!! How can I work with such primitive tools?! These are Time Tots' instruments! (EFFORT; WRENCHES TWO PIECES OF EQUIPMENT APART)

FX: BARN DOOR PUSHED OPEN.

MIKEY:

Master? Master? I got you more cream -

MASTER:

(ROARS WITH RAGE AS HE THROWS EQUIPMENT)

FX: ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT SMASHES AGAINST DOOR, BY MIKEY.

MIKEY:

Careful! That nearly got me on the head.

MASTER:

Then it would have done very little damage!

MIKEY:

(FX: PICKING UP BITS) You've been working on that whatever-it-is for days. Now you'll have to start all over again.

MASTER:

How many weeks has it been already, trapped in the back end of this cosmic backwater?! My form dissipates by the day!

MIKEY:

Look. I didn't like to say, but you're starting to pong a bit. That's why I bought flypaper.

MASTER:

Fly... paper?

MIKEY:

(EFFORT AS FX: PINS FLYPAPER TO RAFTER) If I just pin it up to this rafter... they won't bother you so much. See?

MASTER:

(SARCASTICALLY) What a thoughtful boy.

MIKEY:

S'alright, "Dad".

MASTER:

"Dad"...?

MIKEY:

No-one else I can say that to. But you know that, right? It's just me and my big brother, since our Mum... Well, that's why it's easier for me to visit you, than it is the others.

MASTER:

Your "big brother" doesn't mind?

MIKEY:

He doesn't notice anything much, not since Goose Green. – The Falklands, you know?

MASTER:

Ah. A local conflict.

MIKEY:

He came under bombardment. He got burned, like you. That's how I knew how to treat you. (FX: UNSCREWS LID OF JAR) Practice. – Where do you want to start today? Arms or legs?

48. INT. CAR (IN MOTION)

COLIN:

Poor old Mikey. Dunno what happened to that brother of his.

HELEN:

Perhaps he went to his aunt's place, in Letchworth?

ANNIE:

Letchworth?

COLIN:

Mikey's Mum used to go to her sister's, when his brother's moods got too much. He used to get angry. Crazy angry. Smash things up. Little brother Mikey was the only one he didn't get mad at.

49. INT. BARN [1984]

FX: MIKEY FINISHES GREASING THE MASTER.

MIKEY:

There. Feel any better?

MASTER:

All this may do is delay my physical dissolution. The power supply to this outhouse is wholly inadequate, if I'm to restore myself!

MIKEY:

That capsule of yours is still cooking?

MASTER:

I don't know when my TARDIS will have fully regenerated.

MIKEY:

Must have been quite a bump you had. In space, I mean.

MASTER:

It wasn't a "bump". It was an attack! An ambush, by trans-dimensional warp cruisers! I can see them now, in my mind's eye. A whole war fleet assembled for the sole purpose of my destruction!

FX: JET PLANES ROAR OVERHEAD. IN FORMATION.

MASTER:

I can hear them, too. (BEAT; ALARMED) I can hear them! They've found me! I have to get away!

MIKEY:

Hey, hey, calm down. It's just the airbase. Tornados or Vulcans or something. They fly exercises sometimes, over the plain.

MASTER:

Air... base?

MIKEY:

The American air base. Just up the road, really. Loads of people work there. Helen's Dad's in logistics. Colin's Mum works in the canteen.

MASTER:

This is a nuclear-armed establishment?

MIKEY:

I guess so. There's a sort of peace camp. Not a very big one. We're too far out from London for the weekend hippies to bother with.

MASTER:

Dim-witted child, why didn't you mention this before?!

MIKEY:

It didn't seem important.

MASTER:

This airbase could hold the means of my salvation!

50. INT. CAR (IN MOTION)

FX: CAR SLOWING, TURNING THROUGH:

COLIN:

Hold up – this is the way?

HELEN:

It looks familiar.

ANNIE:

I'm just following the co-ordinates. The site's registered to an outfit called Brackley Saxover Holdings.

HELEN:

When did you find that out?

ANNIE:

Earpiece.

COLIN:

Spy gear, right.

HELEN:

You've been getting updates from M.I. Five? While listening to us? And driving?

COLIN:

It's called multi-tasking?

ANNIE:

Brackley Saxover is only a subsidiary. There's a parent company based in Moscow.

COLIN:

The Russians!

HELEN:

(LOOKING OUT OF WINDOW) I knew it!

COLIN:

Had to be, didn't it? After what's-his-name, Grigor.

HELEN:

No, not that. The road, Colin! I know the road! It's the road to the old airbase!

COLIN:

Is it?

HELEN:

I'm not likely to forget.

51. EXT. AIRBASE PERIMETER [1984]

FX: ALARM KLAXON BLARING, SOME WAY OFF. TRUCK DRIVING UP TO BARRIER.

U.S. SENTRY:

Halt! I repeat, halt!

FX: TRUCK SLOWS, IDLING.

U.S. SENTRY:

(SWAGGERING OVER) Security alert in the main complex. We've been instructed to conduct a full search of all vehicles entering and exiting the facility. Switch off the engine and state your name, rank and business, soldier. (BEAT) I said, switch off [your engine and]

FX: SIMULTANEOUSLY, COLIN JUMPS DOWN FROM BACK OF TRUCK.

COLIN:

The driver can't hear you, sentry boy.

FX: THEN HELEN JUMPS DOWN. BOTH BEGIN WALKING TOWARDS SENTRY.

U.S. SENTRY:

What the...? Kids...!

FX: HYPNOTIC SOUND KICKS IN STRONGLY.

HELEN:

No. You will not raise the alarm.

U.S. SENTRY:

(STRUGGLING) I... will... not raise the alarm.

COLIN:

Good boy. I'm Captain Bodie, my partner here's Sergeant Doyle. Our friend the Corporal here's just driving us out of your little old airbase, along with the uranium core from a nuclear missile. We've just stolen it, you see.

HELEN:

(REPROACHFULLY) Colin. - That's alright, isn't it, soldier?

U.S. SENTRY:

Stolen it. Yes, sir, Sergeant Doyle, sir!

FX: HYPNOTIC SOUND FADES.

COLIN:

So run along and raise the barrier, there's a good boy.

52. INT. BARN [1984]

MASTER:

(NOT UNDERSTANDING) 'Bodie' oand 'Doyle'?

COLIN:

"The Professionals"? Trust me, it was hilarious.

HELEN:

It was stupid. A stupid risk.

JANINE:

We got the driver to change the tyres. They'll never find where we went. (PROUDLY) That was my idea, master.

MASTER:

(IRRITATED) Good, good.

JANINE:

We can do anything we like, now we've got the power. Anything at all.

MASTER:

Anything... (NASTILY) So long as I permit it!

JANINE:

Yes, master.

MIKEY:

Excuse me, master, I was wondering...?

MASTER:

What is it, Michael?

MIKEY:

What do we do with the Corporal now?

HELEN:

The driver, he means.

COLIN:

We couldn't drive the thing out of the base ourselves. We haven't passed our test.

MASTER:

(INCREDULOUS) What do you "do"?

JANINE:

Isn't it obvious?

COLIN:

No...

MASTER:

The driver must go... 'AWOL' is the jargon, I believe.

JANINE:

I'll do it, master. Let me do it, please.

MASTER:

No!

COLIN:

I don't understand.

HELEN:

If the driver disappears... they'll think he did it. The robbery.

MASTER:

The authorities will be too busy searching for him to look elsewhere. And I have every intention of remaining incognito!

COLIN:

You mean...

JANINE:

Please, master...!

MASTER:

Quiet! Michael – yours will be the privilege, I think. Take my staser. Here.

MIKEY:

I... I don't...

MASTER:

You others – you may dig the hole.

JANINE:

So unfair!

MASTER:

Silence! Michael. Take the staser. Obey me. Obey!!!

53. EXT. GOOSE GREEN [1982]

FX: (MODERN) WAR ZONE. DISTANT CRUMP OF SHELLS. TRACER SHOTS.

MIKEY: (v/o)

My brother killed a man once, at Goose Green. It was night. The only light came from tracer fire. My brother was running up a hill when the other man tumbled down it. Each knocked the wind right out of the other. They lay there for a moment – stunned, I suppose. Then they sat up and looked at each other, and remembered that the other man was the enemy. "Don't move!" said my brother. "Please, don't move!" The other man was shouting, too. My brother didn't understand the words, but he knew they meant the same thing. Don't move. Please, don't move. If you move, it means you're going to shoot. If you're going to shoot, then I have to shoot. It was only for seconds, but it seemed so much longer. Then my brother realised: any moment now, one of us will move. And it might as well be me. And he looked in the other man's eyes, and he could see him thinking the same.

CROSS TO:

54. INT. LOUNGE

MIKEY:

The other man's rifle jammed, so my brother shot him. Then the bombardment came, and my brother never saw his old face again. When he looked in the mirror and tried to remember what he'd used to look like, the only face that he saw was the face of the other man, the man he'd shot. The face of a man you've killed is the only face that you'll never forget. That was it. That was what broke the Master's spell. (FX: DISTANTLY, IN MIKEY'S MIND – A STASER SHOT) The driver's face, as I shot him with that staser.

DOCTOR:

He didn't need to do that. The Master.

JANINE:

That was the point. Mikey, you were his favourite. It wasn't a punishment. It was a gift.

DOCTOR:

Please. – What happened then, Michael? Afterwards, I mean?

MIKEY:

The Master told us he'd need one more night to power up the device he was making. After that, he said, he'd be able to leave. So we were to go there the next evening, so we could get our reward.

JANINE:

Our heart's desire. We'd come so far, it seemed stupid not to.

MIKEY:

I knew, then, though. I knew he wasn't going to make my brother better. I wanted to tell someone, but I couldn't think who.

DOCTOR:

Well, the police?

MIKEY:

Someone I could trust to believe me! I thought: if just one person believes me, really believes me, then whatever happens – I'll be free.

JANINE:

You told! You told on us!

DOCTOR:

Who did you tell? Mikey?

MIKEY:

Did you ever have a favourite teacher, at school? When you're not clever, and there's a teacher who's nice, who can see that you're trying your best, when no-one else will – that teacher means everything. I had a teacher like that, in the third year at Little Hodcombe Primary.

DOCTOR:

(REALISATION) Oh no...

55. EXT. MISS HAMPDEN'S HOUSE [1984]

FX: MIKEY WALKS TO DOOR. BING-BONG DOORBELL.

MIKEY:

Come on, come on...

FX: PRESSES DOORBELL AGAIN. BEAT. FLIPS LETTERBOX.

MIKEY:

(CALLING IN) Miss? Miss Hampden?

DOCTOR:

(OFF, TO SIDE) Can I help you?

MIKEY:

(STARTS) Oh!

FX: LETTERBOX SNAPS ON HIS FINGERS.

MIKEY:

Ow!!!

DOCTOR:

Are you alright?

MIKEY:

(SHAKING FINGERS) One of those snappy letterboxes. Used to have a paper round, should have known better.

DOCTOR:

Quite. As I said... can I help you?

MIKEY:

Oh. Yeah. I'm looking for Miss Hampden? Lady in the post office said she lived here now.

DOCTOR:

She's not in, I'm afraid. Can I take a message?

MIKEY:

Who are you, then?

DOCTOR:

I'm the Doctor.

MIKEY:

She's not ill, is she?

DOCTOR:

No, no. She's taken some friends of mine out for the day, to see a quarry.

MIKEY:

Doesn't sound much like of a day out.

DOCTOR:

Yes, Tegan wasn't terribly impressed. "Busman's holiday" was the phrase she used, I believe. – They're sourcing stone. For the church restoration?

MIKEY:

Oh, that. Subsidence, they said.

DOCTOR:

(EVASIVE) Yes. But I needed to stay here to work on my, er, motor, so...

MIKEY:

Oh, you're out the back. Never mind. Doesn't matter.

DOCTOR:

You're sure I can't take a message?

MIKEY:

No, I just wanted her advice about... exams. O Levels coming up.

DOCTOR:

Right. Well, as I said, she'll be back [later on.]

FX: OFF, FROM DIRECTION OF GARAGE – THE SAME MEWLING DISTRESS SIGNAL HEARD IN PART TWO.

DOCTOR:

Good heavens.

MIKEY:

Is that your motor, making that noise?

DOCTOR:

It's a distress signal, yes. Look, would you excuse me?

MIKEY:

Yeah, you go.

DOCTOR:

Good luck, though. With the exams?

MIKEY:

Yeah. Cheers. (WALKS OFF)

DOCTOR:

Exams. Nasty. (SHIVERS, WALKS OFF)

(BEAT)

FX: TARDIS DOOR SLAMS, OFF. DEMATERIALISATION BEGINS.

56. INT. LOUNGE

DOCTOR:

Michael, I'm so sorry. If I'd have known...

MIKEY:

You were here, all those years ago, looking for the Master.

DOCTOR:

You don't understand.

MIKEY:

You should have found him! You should have stopped him! Then none of it would have happened!

DOCTOR:

It wasn't years ago! Not for me.

MIKEY:

What?

JANINE:

He's a time traveller, divvy. Like the Master.

DOCTOR:

Michael, for me that was yesterday morning. That signal I received was sent by the Master's TARDIS. That was the signal that summoned me here!

MIKEY:

I was all alone. There was no-one I could trust to tell. No-one I could trust to listen.

DOCTOR:

I'd have listened...!

MIKEY:

All I could do was go back there, like he'd told us.

57. INT. BARN [1984]

FX: FRANKENSTEIN LAB EQUIPMENT WORKING PERFECTLY.

MASTER:
Perfect! Perfect...!

COLIN:
Master? What happens now?

HELEN:
Master...?

JANINE:
What do you want us to do...?

MASTER:
Sit still around the neutron lode, children. Obey your master.

JANINE:
Our master knows best.

FX: BARN DOOR CREAKS OPEN, OFF.

MASTER:
Ah! Michael. So glad you finally decided to grace us with your presence.

MIKEY:
What?

JANINE:
(SNIGGERS) Master. You sound like a teacher.

COLIN:
Mikey's in trouble now...

MASTER:
In, boy, in! – Sit down on the floor with the others. Legs crossed!

MIKEY:
You've got your machine working.

HELEN:
It's alright, Mikey. The Master's going to give us our reward now.

MIKEY:
He's still in your heads, isn't he? Even after what happened. You still can't think for yourselves.

MASTER:

Such good children. The sons and daughters I never had...

FX: PIERCING HYPNOTIC SOUND.

MASTER:

Now obey me, Michael!!!

MIKEY:

(REELING) Gaah!

MASTER:

Go! Sit in the circle. Be a good boy for Daddy.

MIKEY:

(STRUGGLING) I... am not... your son!

FX: QUICK TARDIS VWORPING-EFFECT, OFF. WITH THE MASTER DISTRACTED, THE HYPNOTIC SOUND CUTS OFF.

MASTER:

That sound...! – Ah! At last! My TARDIS!

MIKEY:

It's changed. It's a clock. A grandfather clock!

MASTER:

The outer plasmic shell has repaired itself. (TUTS) It's defaulted to a former shape. How tedious.

HELEN:

Will you leave us now, Master?

JANINE:

Please don't leave us!

MASTER:

I have to, I'm afraid. But don't worry – I shall carry a little of you inside my hearts, always.

MIKEY:

What do you mean?

MASTER:

Michael. My very essence was damaged in the attack. My symbiotic nucleii ripped open. I needed a donor, that's why I landed my TARDIS here.

MIKEY:

I don't understand.

MASTER:

One of my own kind! My TARDIS had indicated that his TARDIS could be found in the vicinity of this particular space-time location. But when I was locked out of my TARDIS, I was unable to pinpoint his whereabouts. The irony! All this time the Doctor might have been going about his wearily virtuous business just a few days and miles away, but he might as well have been in another century, another million light years off.

MIKEY:

(MORE TO SELF) The Doctor...?

MASTER:

And so... I was forced to improvise. It's what all the best people do.

58. INT. LOUNGE

DOCTOR:

The Master came here to find me?!

MIKEY:

It was your fight, not ours. But we were the victims.

JANINE:

What happened to us was all your fault!

59. INT. BARN [1984]

MASTER:

Sit in the circle, Michael.

MIKEY:

Why? What are you going to do?

MASTER:

Idiot boy! I've been incubating donor nucleii inside the four of you. All this time, they've been simmering nicely. Now it's time to reap what I have sown. The machine in the middle of the circle is designed to extract the donor nucleii, and transfuse them into me. Then, I shall be able to pilot my TARDIS properly, and escape!

COLIN:

But what about us, master?

HELEN:

Will I pass maths?

JANINE:

Will you make me rich?

COLIN:

Will all our dreams come true?

MASTER:

Oh, children. It'll be just like going to sleep. After which: dreams shall be your only reality!

MIKEY:

No. You can't!

FX: PIERCING HYPNOTIC SOUND.

MASTER:

Sit in the circle. Obey me! Obey!

MIKEY:

(SHAMMING) I... obey.

FX: HE WALKS, SITS. HYPNO SOUND OFF.

MASTER:

Now, all I have to do is stand in the centre...e(FX: WALKS) ... Switch my machine to 'extract' ... (FX: SWITCH CLICKED; MACHINERY STEPS UP A GEAR) ... and the process begins.

FX: ONE, TWO, THREE BEAMS WOOSH OUT OF MACHINE, STRIKING COLIN, HELEN & JANINE IN TURN.

COLIN: then **HELEN:** then **JANINE:**

(BEGIN TO CRY OUT IN AGONY, ETHEREALLY/ELECTRONICALLY EXTENDED, CONTINUING THROUGH:)

FX: TWINKLY, SPARKLY EFFECT AS NUCLEII ARE EXTRACTED.

MASTER:

Like a nice, warm shower. So refreshing...! (IRRITATED REALISATION) But: why are all the jets not working...?

MIKEY:

You'll get nothing from me, Master. I've seen you for what you are. I'm immune!

MASTER:

You rejected the nucleii. No matter. Wait there, boy, I'll kill you when I'm finished.

MIKEY:

No, Master! (FX: PRODUCES REAL GUN; COCKS IT) You're evil. You have to be stopped!

MASTER:

A pea-shooter.

MIKEY:

A Browning! It was my brother's. In the Falklands, he killed a man to save himself, and it destroyed him. But I'm not killing a man. I'm killing a monster!

MASTER:

Pathetic. Inside the nucleii fountain, I'm immortal!

MIKEY:

Maybe. But the machine isn't!

MASTER:

(REALISATION) And.. immobile. (HORROR) No. No, Michael, you mustn't!

FX: MICHAEL FIRES 4 x SHOTS INTO MACHINE. COLIN, HELEN & JANINE STOP SCREAMING. MACHINE GOES CRAZY, SCREECHING TO A CRESCENDO.

MASTER:

You're killing Daddy...!

FX: BANG! THE MACHINE EXPLODES. THEN, WITH A FWOMP! THE MASTER DISSIPATES. TWINKLY FX, LIKE DUST.

COLIN, HELEN & JANINE:

(COUGHING)

MIKEY:

Colin? Helen? Janine? Are you alright?

COLIN:

What happened?

HELEN:

Where is he?

JANINE:

Where's the Master?

MIKEY:

I killed him. He's gone.

60. INT. LOUNGE

MIKEY:

I thought I'd killed the Master, all those years ago. But now he's come back.

DOCTOR:

Very possibly.

MIKEY:

That's why I set a trap for him. And he fell right into it – didn't he, Janine?

JANINE:

I don't know what you're talking about.

DOCTOR:

You kept the clock, didn't you, Mikey? You faked your own death, and put the clock up for auction, to see who'd buy it.

MIKEY:

I put the clock up for auction, but the death was real. – She knows!

DOCTOR:

What?

MIKEY:

After everything that happened, I had to get away. But I couldn't take the clock, and I couldn't risk it getting it into the wrong hands. So I left it with the only person I could trust.

DOCTOR:

(REALISATION) Your brother...!

MIKEY:

All he wanted was to be left alone, away from everyone. Away from people and noise, all the things that made him anxious. Living out in the woods gave him a mission, you see? In time, everyone had all but forgotten he was there. – Until you came back for him, Janine. You and the Master!

JANINE:

Me?!

MIKEY:

You killed him, you and the Master. The stasers you gave to your goons prove it!

JANINE:

They were the stasers we made for the airbase raid, divvy! We threw them down a well, remember? So I got the boys to dig them up!

MIKEY:

Then you do admit it!

DOCTOR:

No, it doesn't make sense. If the Master killed your brother, why not take the clock then?

MIKEY:

Because — (HE'S GOT NO ANSWER) — because...

JANINE:

Exactly. I'm not working for the Master. I'm trying to trap him, just like you!

DOCTOR:

You said he was in your head...

JANINE:

Whatever was inside him — these 'symbiotic nuclei' — they stopped me ageing. Kept me at the age of sixteen!

DOCTOR:

Your friends Helen and Colin too.

JANINE:

You've seen them?

DOCTOR:

At the auction house, yes. Mikey — you'd already rejected the nuclei, that's why you aged and the others didn't!

JANINE:

That's how it was, for thirty-two years, until three weeks ago. Three weeks ago, he came back. Every time I looked in a mirror, I heard him laughing. (FX: DUB MASTER LAUGHING, FROM SCENE 45) Whenever I tried to sleep, he'd whisper in my ear. I found I had the power again, to make people obey. (FX: DUB OVER MASTER FROM SCENE 59: "OBEY ME! OBEY!")

MIKEY:

Three weeks ago. That's when my brother was killed. That's why I came back.

JANINE:

Me too! So I got together with certain... business associates, who owned this tax dodge of a mansion on the site of the old airbase. I scoured the area for any sign of him. Then when I saw the clock up for auction, I bought it, thinking he'd be close behind.

DOCTOR:

(GROANS) That's why you had the private army. To catch the Master!

JANINE:

Mikey...iwhen I worked out where the clock had come from, I got Grigor to go to the graveyard.

DOCTOR:

Yes, and you exhumed a body.

MIKEY:

She did what?!

JANINE:

I had to know it wasn't him. The Master. I'm sorry.

FX: INSISTENT ALARM.

MIKEY:

Shut that noise up!

JANINE:

(RUSHING TO A CONTROL PANEL) The house. (FX: BIP, BIP, BIP)
It's showing a breach at the entrance level.

MIKEY:

Well, what does that mean?!

DOCTOR:

Please, I'm trying to think! Both of you were using the clock to try to draw out the Master. But that still doesn't answer my question: if the Master killed Mikey's brother, why not take the clock then?

MIKEY:

You're the one who knows so much about the Master, you tell us!

FX: A SECOND ALARM. BIPS ON PANEL.

JANINE:

Someone's on the main stairwell.

DOCTOR:

Because the clock was a lure. Because the Master was using it to draw you all back together. His so-called children.

MIKEY:

Why?

DOCTOR:

Knowing the Master... revenge.

FX: THIRD ALARM. MORE BIPS.

JANINE:

They're in the corridor now.

DOCTOR:

Which corridor?

JANINE:

The corridor leading here.

MIKEY:

It's the Master! It has to be!

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

REPRISE:

FX: THIRD ALARM. MORE BIPS.

JANINE:
They're in the corridor now.

DOCTOR:
Which corridor?

JANINE:
The corridor leading here.

MIKEY:
It's the Master! It has to be!

SCENE CONTINUES:

61. INT. LOUNGE [CONTINUOUS]

DOCTOR:
I'll deal with this. Mikey, Janine, go back out there and get into my TARDIS. — Go! — No, wait. (DELVING INTO POCKETS) You'll need the key...

MIKEY:
Well?

DOCTOR:
Key. Key...!

FX: REVERSE ECHO INTO:

FLASHBACK — SCENE 15:

DOCTOR:
A key!

ANNIE:
For winding up a grandfather clock?

DOCTOR:
Obviously. Annie, this is the key to the Master's TARDIS!

CROSS BACK TO:

62. INT. LOUNGE

FX: KEYPAD BIPS.

JANINE:

Thermal sensors. Doctor, whoever's coming, they're right outside!

DOCTOR:

(EXPLOSIVE REALISATION) The key is the key!!!

MIKEY:

Eh?

DOCTOR:

The key to the Master's TARDIS. Your brother had it, yes?

MIKEY:

Yes, but –

DOCTOR:

That TARDIS has been dormant for thirty-two years. So why should it begin to transmit a distress signal now?

FX: INTERNAL DOOR SLIDES OPEN.

ANNIE:

(AT DOOR) Because someone reactivated it.

JANINE:

Who are you?

DOCTOR:

Yes. Someone put the key in the lock.

ANNIE:

(STEPPING IN) And when they did, these two began hearing the voice of the Master.

DOCTOR:

Annie. Of course.

MIKEY:

Your friend's wrong. I never heard the voice of the Master.

ANNIE:

I meant – these two.

FX: COLIN AND HELEN ENTER.

JANINE:

Colin. Helen!

COLIN:

Janine? We heard you'd died!

JANINE:

Long story.

HELEN:

And Mikey. Colin, it's Mikey! – Mikey, you lost all your hair.

MIKEY:

(PUT OUT) Not all.

JANINE:

Aww, friends reunited. So who's this we have to thank, for bringing the old gang back together?

COLIN:

Oh, this is Annie. She's with M.I. Five.

DOCTOR:

No she isn't.

COLIN:

You should have seen how she dealt with the security systems. She's got like these electronic implants in her fingertips!

JANINE:

She's got what?!

COLIN:

It was A.-May.-Zing.

DOCTOR:

(TO ANNIE) Electronic implants. "M.I. Five." Who are you, really? What are you, even? A cyborg?

ANNIE:

Doctor, don't be silly.

DOCTOR:

The key was the key, you see. Whoever had the key to the Master's TARDIS reactivated it.

MIKEY:

But whoever did that – [IE, ANNIE KILLED HIS BROTHER]

DOCTOR:

Mikey – this is the key to my TARDIS. Do as I told you, please. Take your friends with you.

COLIN:
Cyborg?!

DOCTOR:
Yes, so a staser is no defence. – Go, all of you!

FX: JANINE SLIDES OPEN DOOR TO HELIPAD.

JANINE:
Mikey, Colin, Helen, come on!

FX: ALL 4 x FRIENDS RUSH OUT.

ANNIE:
(CALLING AFTER THEM) I said, don't be silly!

63. EXT. HELIPAD

FX: FADE UP PURSUING SPACESHIP FX, FAR ABOVE. 4 x RUNNING FOOTSTEPS.

COLIN:

That's this Doctor's TARDIS? The Police Box?

JANINE:

Obviously!

FX: LIKE AN IMMENSE ARC LAMP BEING SWITCHED ON -IWHOMPPP!

COLIN & HELEN & JANINE & MIKEY:

(CRY OUT, SUDDENLY DAZZLED)

HELEN:

The light!

MIKEY:

Where's it coming from?

JANINE:

Above us! Look!

ROBOT ANNIE:

(TANNOY) Human fugitives. We are the Trans-Human Sisters of the Unholy Protocol. You will surrender yourselves to our agent.

JANINE:

It's a spaceship!

MIKEY:

Ignore it! The TARDIS! Run!

FX: FUSILLADE OF LASER FIRE FROM ABOVE, BOUNCING OFF HELIPAD.

COLIN:

Lasers now! Skill!

64. INT. LOUNGE

DOCTOR:

(LOOKING OUT) Ah, some kind of pursuit ship. You're one of the assassins whom the Dragonhunters mentioned, am I right?

ANNIE:

Human personality matrix to "off". (COLDER FROM HERE) We are the Unholy Protocol, yes.

DOCTOR:

The android Inquisition of Galaxy Five. You've burned whole galaxies in the course of your demented Mission!

ANNIE:

We are man-made. Therefore we are blasphemy. Therefore we must atone. Were we to bring justice to the Master, we calculate that we would become one-point-seven-six per cent more worthy. That is why we attacked the Master's TARDIS, and why we pursued its artron trail here.

DOCTOR:

Only you arrived thirty-two years after he did!

ANNIE:

Correct.

DOCTOR:

And when you found it, you killed its guardian. Michael's brother! An innocent man! So much for becoming more worthy.

ANNIE:

The necessary adjustments has been included in our calculations. Also adjustments for the deaths of Grigor open-brackets surname unknown close-brackets; the Auctioneer open-brackets name unrecorded close-brackets; and human personality matrix Annie open-brackets surname unknown close-brackets.

DOCTOR:

Good and evil aren't columns on a... a balance sheet! You can't put a figure on life!

ANNIE:

But we can. The bounty on the Master's head will raise a sum in excess of three hundred thousand galactic credits. This will be donated to charity.

DOCTOR:

That's monstrous!

65. EXT. HELIPAD

FX: MORE LASER FIRE BOUNCING OFF HELIPAD.

ROBOT ANNIE:

(TANNOY) We repeat, surrender yourselves to our agent!

MIKEY:

They've got us pinned down. No way we'll make it to the TARDIS.

COLIN:

Alright, what about the helicopter? The MI-8?

HELEN:

Colin, they'll just shoot it down!

JANINE:

They might not. Not if they know the Master's TARDIS is inside.

HELEN:

It is?

MIKEY:

We can't take the risk.

JANINE:

Old man, live a little! (SHE RUNS OFF)

COLIN:

Come on, Hel. Run!

FX: COLIN AND HELEN RUN.

MIKEY:

Colin! Helen! Come back!

66. INT. LOUNGE

ANNIE:

The human named Mikey thought he'd killed the Master, in nineteen eighty-four. But the essence of the Master remained dormant in his friends.

DOCTOR:

Some of his symbiotic nucleii, yes. So when the Master's TARDIS was reactivated, when the telepathic circuits inside the Master's TARDIS were reactivated, so too were those nucleii.

ANNIE:

Then the Master isn't dead. The humans named Colin, Helen and Janine hold the essence of the Master. They are the Master now. Therefore: they must be killed.

DOCTOR:

No! They are human beings!

ANNIE:

(INTO EARPIECE) Pursuit ship, are you listening? – Confirmed.

67. INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT

FX: COLIN & HELEN RUN TO STOP OUTSIDE HELICOPTER.

HELEN:

(OUTSIDE) Mikey's not coming!

JANINE:

Forget him! Just get in the cockpit!

COLIN:

(OUTSIDE) Janine's right, Hel!

AS THEY CLAMBER INTO COCKPIT..

JANINE:

Hurry it up, you two!

COLIN:

We're in, we're in. (FX: PULLS DOOR ACROSS) Well, go on, Janine, start the ignition!

JANINE:

I was waiting for you, you're the expert.

COLIN:

Me...? It's your helicopter!

JANINE:

Yes, and it's my pilot unconscious on the tarmac!

HELEN:

Oh for goodness' sake, how hard can it be? Out of the way, you two!

68. INT. LOUNGE

DOCTOR:

Trans-human Sister, please, listen to me! The Master came to this region in nineteen eighty-four in search of me, so he could use my nucleii to repair his own shattered form.

ANNIE:

That's of no consequence.

DOCTOR:

Those children were innocent victims, caught up in a fight that was mine and the Master's. What happened to them is my responsibility!

MIKEY:

(RUNNING IN) Doctor, that spaceship's about to open fire on the helicopter!

ANNIE:

The Master won't escape us again. He must be destroyed.

DOCTOR:

(DESPERATE) But not in those children! In me!

ANNIE:

In... you?

DOCTOR:

I can complete what the Master did not. Extract his nucleii from Colin, Helen and Janine and put them in me. Then by your logic I will be the Master, and you can do as you please with me! – Well? Would that be acceptable to you?

ANNIE:

(INTO EARPIECE) Pursuit ship. Protocol chapter nine, verse twenty-two. Execute.

DOCTOR:

No!!!

69. INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT

FX: HELICOPTER BLADES STARTING UP SLOWLY OUTSIDE.

HELEN:

(EXCITEDLY) I've got the whirly things going!

COLIN:

Blades!

FX: DEEP THRUMMING, OFF, AS SPACESHIP MOVES TOWARDS THEM.

JANINE:

Quick, that spaceship's coming over!

COLIN:

Come on, Hel! (NO IDEA WHAT TO DO) Er...rthrottle? Choke?

HELEN:

I'll throttle you in a moment...

FX: ARC-LAMP FWOMP FROM SPACESHIP AS BEFORE.

JANINE:

(DAZZLED) That light again...!

FX: HELICOPTER BEGINS TO SHAKE AND JUDDER.

COLIN:

(JUDDERED) Take it easy, Hel!

HELEN:

(JUDDERED) I'm not doing anything!

COLIN:

(JUDDERED) Wait, you know what this is...?

70. INT. LOUNGE

MIKEY:

The helicopter, it's being pulled into the spaceship!

DOCTOR:

By a tractor beam, as I'm sure your friend Colin could tell you.

ANNIE:

Protocol executed. — Doctor, you'll come to our ship, draw the Master back inside yourself, then willingly submit to the final verdict of our Inquisition.

DOCTOR:

Or you'll kill Colin, Helen and Janine instead.

ANNIE:

Killing the Master in them would reduce our net virtue to plus zero-point-eight-eight per cent. In you, to plus zero-point-nine-three.

DOCTOR:

Well, it's good to know that my death will count for something.

71. INT. SPACESHIP — EXECUTION BUBBLE

FX: FADE UP. ECHOEY ATMOS. LIKE INSIDE A SPHERE.

COLIN:

Where are we?

HELEN:

On the Trans-humans' spaceship, obviously.

COLIN:

I meant specifically. This white — sphere, I guess? No doors, no windows, no ceiling. I can't see how the floor works. Or if it's a floor at all.

JANINE:

(CALLING) Hello? Is anyone there? Is anyone even listening?

HELEN:

I think it's a cell.

COLIN:

Like, a prison cell?

HELEN:

More like a condemned cell, Colin.

COLIN:

Death Row. Great. What are we supposed to do — pray for a last-minute phone call?

JANINE:

(A THOUGHT) Phone. Phone! Have either of you got a phone?

HELEN:

Janine, we're on a spaceship. Who are you going to phone?

COLIN:

E.T.?

JANINE:

My lovely Russian boys, stupid. Artem and... the other one. They might have come round by now.

HELEN:

Janine, what is it with you and these Russians?

JANINE:

What, apart from their being ripped?

COLIN:

She hasn't changed.

JANINE:

No. Not in over thirty years. But at least I've done something with that, unlike you two.

COLIN:

What can you do with it?

HELEN:

I've watched the world slip away. Our old classmates are nearly fifty now. They had careers, got married, had children. We couldn't.

COLIN:

You could, if you'd wanted.

HELEN:

And risk passing on the curse? No. It's our punishment, for what we did all those years ago. Our penance.

COLIN:

Saturday jobs, evening jobs, cash in hand, that's all I've done.

HELEN:

Me too. I ended up going back to the same places I'd worked in sixteen years before, only I'd have to pretend I was my own daughter now. If they said they remembered my Mum, I'd have to tell them she'd passed away. "So young," they'd say. "So sad." You don't know the half of it, mate, I'd be thinking.

72. EXT. MID-AIR, UNDER SPACESHIP

FX: TRACTOR BEAM SOUND AS DOCTOR, MIKEY & ANNIE ARE PULLED INTO THE SHIP.

MIKEY:

(ABOVE NOISE) Are we nearly there yet? I don't want to look.

DOCTOR:

(ABOVE NOISE) I must admit, I was expecting we'd get to the spaceship by TARDIS, not in a tractor beam..

73. INT. SPACESHIP – EXECUTION BUBBLE

JANINE:

Is that it? Is that all the two of you have done in thirty-two years?

COLIN:

Is this where you tell us about the amazing life you've had, and how we should be sooo jealous?

JANINE:

I had a gap decade. Travelling, like Mikey did. I went everywhere. Literally, everywhere. It was always a bit beg, steal and borrow, but I'm pretty, I got away with it. It got tricky with the passport after that.

HELEN:

With the photo, you mean?

JANINE:

So one time I got arrested in Kiev. Long story, doesn't matter. They accused me of having a doctored passport.

COLIN:

Which you did.

JANINE:

Yes, of course? Anyway: I was interrogated by the FSB. I told them everything in half an hour. I mean, everything. Guess what? They believed me. Turns out they still had KGB files on the Master, the stuff he used to get up to in the old days you wouldn't believe. But when they found out I was the living fountain of youth – basically, they bought me.

HELEN:

What, like a slave?

JANINE:

Like a businesswoman! Somewhere in the Urals there's a top secret facility trying to synthesise what's in my blood.

COLIN:

Er, why?

JANINE:

Only a man. – I'm the ultimate beauty product! One injection of me, no-one need ever grow old.

HELEN:

Either that, or they'll become the Master.

JANINE:

Don't worry, the team's been having no luck. In the meantime, luxury lifestyle! So long as I've got my minders around.

HELEN:

Be honest, Janine. You were under house arrest.

JANINE:

Kind of. So when the Master came back, I thought: I can use the powers to find him, catch him and use him to get away.

COLIN:

In his TARDIS, you mean?

JANINE:

Or by giving him up to the Russians. That's the least he deserves. – Look, have you got a phone or haven't you?

74. INT. SPACESHIP — BRIDGE

FX: HIGH-TECH B/G. BLEEPs AND WIBBLES.

ANNIE:

Janine can't call out, of course. Sound waves can't exit the membrane of the execution bubble. Light waves can't enter.

MIKEY:

We can see them, but they can't see us?

DOCTOR:

'Execution bubble.' (TO ANNIE) I presume you're intending to put me in there, eventually?

ANNIE:

The bubble will be quickly deflated. Its dimensions will shrink. Yours... won't.

DOCTOR:

Nasty.

ANNIE:

The membrane's designed so we can't hear your screams. If we did, we might be tempted to revel in them.

FX: 2 x ROBOT ANNIES WALK UP IN THE BACKGROUND.

DOCTOR:

Yes, because that would be a sin...

MIKEY:

Two more of them!

ROBOT ANNIE #1:

Sister. Which of these is the Time Lord?

ANNIE:

The man in white.

MIKEY:

Excuse me — how many of you are there, on this ship?

ROBOT ANNIE #1:

Each death squad numbers twelve.

ROBOT ANNIE #2:

Why do you ask?

MIKEY:

I just want to know how many of you I have to kill, for killing my brother.

ROBOT ANNIE #1:

Sister, is this human not a threat?

ROBOT ANNIE #2:

Why's he here? Shouldn't we kill him?

DOCTOR:

Please, no! (DISSEMBLING) Mikey killed the Master – or tried to kill him, anyway – so the Master will want revenge on him. His presence will help me draw the Master out.

ANNIE:

And how will the Master be drawn out, exactly?

DOCTOR:

Ah, well, I'm glad you asked me that. First, I'll need access to the Master's TARDIS.

ANNIE:

An obvious trick.

DOCTOR:

No, it's essential. It was the reactivation of the telepathic circuits in the Master's TARDIS that caused the reactivation of the nuclei in Colin, Helen and Janine. I need to disable those circuits in order to break the link and free those nuclei.

ROBOT ANNIE #1:

Sister, is it a trick?

ANNIE:

I'm not sure.

DOCTOR:

A zero-point-zero-five percent gain in worthiness, remember?

ROBOT ANNIE #1:

Then we agree.

ANNIE:

But I'll come with you. If it is a trick, 'Mikey'ishall suffer summary execution.

DOCTOR:

Won't that wipe out any gain?

ANNIE:

Lying would add sufficient to your sins to mitigate against further loss.

DOCTOR:

I see. Lead the way, then.

FX: ANNIE, DOCTOR, MIKEY WALK.

75. INT. MASTER'S TARDIS

FX: FADE UP. DOOR HUMS OPEN FROM INSIDE. FLEDERSHREWS SCATTER IN FLURRY, LIKE BATS [FX FROM EIGHTH DOCTOR AND LUCIE XMAS SPECIAL 'RELATIVE DIMENSIONS', SCENE 1 REASK JAMIE ROBERTSON, WHO WAS THE SOUND DESIGNER].

MIKEY:

(AT DOOR) Bats?!

DOCTOR:

Fledershrews ['FLAY/DER/SHREWS']. A common TARDIS pest. They've had thirty-two years to establish a colony.

MIKEY:

They won't suck our blood, or anything?

DOCTOR:

Don't worry, they're entirely harmless.

ANNIE:

Proceed!

FX: ALL ENTER, WALKING AROUND.

MIKEY:

This room...!

DOCTOR:

Quite. (QUOTING) "It was spacious, and I dare say had once been handsome, but every discernible thing in it was covered with dust and mould...as if a feast had been in preparation when the house and the clocks all stopped together."

ANNIE:

I see no feast.

MIKEY:

He's quoting. "Great Expectations"? Miss Havisham's house?

DOCTOR:

Very good.

MIKEY:

It was one of our O Level books.

ANNIE:

These telepathic circuits. Where are they located?

DOCTOR:

In the central console.

MIKEY:

Where?

DOCTOR:

Here. (BLOWS COBWEBS AWAY) "So heavily overhung with cobwebs that its form was quite undistinguishable."

MIKEY:

There's a red light here -

DOCTOR:

(SHARPLY) Don't touch that, please.

ANNIE:

That is the circuit in question?

DOCTOR:

It is, [yes.]

MASTER:

(LOW ECHOEY CHUCKLE, OFF)

MIKEY:

Did either of you hear - ?

MASTER:

(ANOTHER CHUCKLE, FROM A DISTINCT OTHER PART OF STEREO FIELD)

MIKEY:

There it is again!

ANNIE:

The Master.

MIKEY:

But he's dead. Physically, I mean.

DOCTOR:

Yes.

MIKEY:

So -owhat? He's a ghost now?

MASTER:

(MULTIPLE, OVERLAPPING CHUCKLES FROM ALL ACROSS STEREO FIELD)

(OVER THIS:)

DOCTOR:

In a manner of speaking.

ANNIE:

He haunts this place?

DOCTOR:

(ADDRESSING THE ROOM -AIE, MASTER) Will you stop that, please?!
Just - show yourself.

FX: SCANNER OPENS.

MIKEY:

What was [that?]

DOCTOR:

Don't be alarmed, it's just the scanner. Look.

MASTER:

(D: OVER SCANNER) Doctor. Always spoiling my sport. You're just
no fun anymore! (CONTINUES TO CHUCKLE UNDER:)

ANNIE:

The Master!

DOCTOR:

The ghost in the machine.

76. INT. SPACESHIP — BRIDGE

FX: BLEEPs AND WIBBLES.

ROBOT ANNIE #1:

Sister. I'm detecting interference on the listening array.

ROBOT ANNIE #2:

Define "interference", Sister?

ROBOT ANNIE #1:

It corresponds to no known Earth signal. Switching to speaker.

FX: PLAY IN APPROACHING HOVER-BUZZ OF THE TWO DRAGONHUNTERS.
DISTORTED OVER SPEAKER.

ROBOT ANNIE #2:

It's gaining in strength. (THOUGHTFUL) Almost as if it were coming closer...

CROSS TO:

77. EXT. OUTSIDE SPACESHIP

FX: NOW UNDISTORTED, WE RECOGNISE FLYING DRAGONHUNTERS' XBUZZ.

GOMPHUS:

Onward, Jade Nymph! Attack the assassins' ship!

JADE NYMPH:

It will be my privilege, Dragonmaster!

CROSS BACK TO:

78. INT. SPACESHIP — BRIDGE

FX: DISTORTED BUZZING OVER SPEAKER.

ROBOT ANNIE #1:

Whatever it is, it's right outside the ship!

ROBOT ANNIE #2:

Then it should be visible, through the — [viewport.]

ROBOT ANNIE #1:

(ALARM) Sister, the viewport!!!

FX: SMASSSH! DRAGONHUNTERS CRASH THROUGH GLASS VIEWPORT. THEN PAUSE, HOVERING.

ROBOT ANNIE #1:

Dragonhunters!

JADE NYMPH:

Dragonmaster —these are agents of the Unholy Protocol!

GOMPHUS:

Then we must make them die... nobly.

FX: 2 x TASER-LIKE APPENDAGES SHOOT OUT (AS IN PART TWO) AND STRIKE THE ANNIES.

2 x ROBOT ANNIES:

(SCREECH ELECTRONICALLY)

79. INT. MASTER'S TARDIS

FX: MASTER ON SCANNER, AS BEFORE.

MASTER:

(D) You're late, Doctor!

DOCTOR:

And you were supposed to be the late Master.

MASTER:

(D) Three... weeks...elate!

DOCTOR:

Yes, My TARDIS's time drift compensators must be playing up again. I don't suppose you've got any spares?

ANNIE:

How can this creature be communicating with us?

MIKEY:

And what does he mean, 'three weeks late'?

MASTER:

(D) Oh look, it's Mikey. Dear, dear Mikey. Such a good boy. My sincerest condolences for the loss of your brother.

MIKEY:

(RUSHING FORWARD) Oh, I'll enjoy killing you again!

DOCTOR:

I told you, Mikey, don't touch the console. — He's just toying with you. Trying to provoke a response.

MASTER:

(D) Like a cat batting a mouse round the head. I'll get bored. Eventually.

ANNIE:

One of you, answer my question!

DOCTOR:

He's communicating with us because he's taken up residence inside the telepathic circuits themselves. I presume his consciousness fled here when his body dissipated entirely, all those years ago, in the barn.

MIKEY:

He's been stuck in here for thirty-two years?

MASTER:

(D) It has been... particularly tedious.

DOCTOR:

His TARDIS would have gone into sleep mode, to preserve its power supply. But then Annie- the Trans-human assassin, I mean - found it and reactivated it, using the key.

MASTER:

(D) Whereupon I sent out a distress call to the Doctor, whom I knew had been in the area, thirty-two years in the past. And here he is. My brave white knight, come to my rescue. At last.

DOCTOR:

Don't count on it. Mikey - if it hadn't been for that signal, I hope I'd have made the time to listen to you properly. Back in Little Hodcombe, in nineteen eighty-four.

MIKEY:

It's not your fault, Doctor. I get that now. Perhaps... if I'd been more trusting..

MASTER:

(D) There, there. No sense crying over spilt milk, Mikey! - I'll excuse your lateness, Doctor. But now, I need a new body. Yours!

ANNIE:

Yes, so you may be slain, at last!

FX: A ROBOT ANNIE STAGGERS IN FROM OUTSIDE. SPARKING, LEAKING HYDRAULIC FLUID.

ROBOT ANNIE #1:

Sister...! Sister...! You must help us!

ANNIE:

Sister, what's happened to you?!

ROBOT ANNIE #1:

We are under attack. Dragonhunters.

ANNIE:

They have returned?!

DOCTOR:

I'm not surprised. A ship this size isn't hard to miss in the stratosphere.

ROBOT ANNIE #1:

They have come to kill the Master, too.

MASTER:

(D) I've never been more unpopular.

ANNIE:

These aliens must be repelled.

FX: SHE RUSHES OUT.

ROBOT ANNIE #1:

(CALLING AFTER) The execution bubble. Hurry,
sszzissster...s(DIES)

MIKEY:

The execution bubble...?

FX: SHE RUSHES OUT.

DOCTOR:

(D) They think the Master's in there.

MIKEY:

They're gonna kill Colin, Helen and Janine!

DOCTOR:

Yes, I need to explain to them what's going on. – Wait here,
Mikey.

MIKEY:

But –u

DOCTOR:

You're immune to the Master's powers. Guard him. But don't
touch anything! – I'll be back.

FX: HE RUSHES OUT.

80. INT. SPACESHIP — BRIDGE

FX: SUCKING PROBOSCIS SOUNDS.

ROBOT ANNIE #2:

(FLAILING ABOUT, STATICKY NOISES) Ssszzztop...sssszzztop!

OVER THIS:

GOMPHUS:

The assassins' brains are electronically engineered. Their knowledge may be taken.

FX: PROBOSCIS DETACHES AND FURLS BACK INTO NYMPH, SLURPILY.

GOMPHUS:

Well, Jade Nymph?

JADE NYMPH:

The Master's essence is contained inside three humans. The humans inside that execution bubble...!

GOMPHUS:

Then all three must be slain.

JADE NYMPH:

(FX: HOVERING OVER) I now understand how the bubble may be manipulated...

GOMPHUS:

No, my novice. I shall execute them personally, as the final act of my month-long life.

JADE NYMPH:

As you wish, Dragonmaster.

FX: BIPPING ON CONTROL PANEL. BEAT. THEN BUBBLE EFFECTIVELY POPS —XTWINKLY SOUNDS —WDISGORGING COLIN, HELEN AND JANINE.

COLIN:

Wha-? We're free! Hel, we're —

HELEN:

Er, Colin...

FX: DRAGONMASTERS HOVER OVER.

GOMPHUS:

Silence, Masters!

COLIN:

Oh great. You lot again.

JANINE:

We're dead.

GOMPHUS:

Like that of the Plutonian pufferfish, I fear the Master's consciousness may be too toxic for safe consumption. So I shall simply tear off each of their heads in turn.

JADE NYMPH:

It shall be my honour to watch.

GOMPHUS:

The male first, I think –

COLIN:

Please, I'm not the Master! Really, I'm not...!

FX: STASER SHOT FROM OFF.

GOMPHUS:

(HIT, SCREAMS, DIES)

JADE NYMPH:

Dragonhunter? What-?

ANNIE:

(STRIDING IN) Odonotan filth.

JADE NYMPH:

You! You have murdered the great Dragonmaster Gomphus, denying him the greatest moment of his life...!

ANNIE:

And you, yours.

FX: ANOTHER SHOT.

JADE NYMPH:

(HIT, SCREAMS)

FX: JADE NYMPH'S WINGS FLUTTER FEEBLY.

JADE NYMPH:

Now I will never know if I passed my initiation... (DIES)

81. INT. MASTER'S TARDIS

MASTER:

(D) Just you and me now, Mikey. Just like old times. You were always my favourite, you know.

MIKEY:

I only wish I'd killed you properly. For the things we did. For the things you made us do!

MASTER:

(D) I know you, Mikey. You're a good boy. Secretly – you're glad you failed to kill me. You're just like the Doctor. The preservation of your fatuous moral code is more important to you than ending life!

MIKEY:

Shut up! Trying to provoke me.

MASTER:

(D) There's the telepathic circuit. That red light, right in front of your eyes? That's where I am now, Mikey. You could just reach out... rip it out... and destroy me. If you had the nerve. But you don't.

MIKEY:

Reach out? Rip it out...?

MASTER:

(D) How pitiful you are. How pathetic.

MIKEY:

(DECIDES) Destroy you. (LUNGES FORWARD TO CONSOLE) Yes!

FX: PIERCING WHINE –XAS WHEN TREMAS'S HAND IS PINNED TO CLOCK FACE IN 'THE KEEPER OF TRAKEN' PART FOUR.

MIKEY:

Aaaah! I can't – move!

MASTER:

(D) Such a good boy. (LAUGHS)

82. INT. SPACESHIP — BRIDGE

FX: SPARKING DEAD ROBOT ANNIES.

HELEN:

Look at this place. What happened here...?

ANNIE:

These creatures slaughtered every last one of my Sisters.

COLIN:

Just as well you came along when you did. Do you know what they were about to do?

ANNIE:

Exactly what I'm about to do.

JANINE:

Oh, no.

HELEN:

Out of what? Spite?

ANNIE:

Because I am programmed to believe that such virtue will not go unrewarded.

DOCTOR:

(RUNNING IN FROM OFF) No! —RSister, please, listen to me! Your calculations are incorrect!

ANNIE:

Explain!

DOCTOR:

You saw for yourself. The Master resides within the telepathic circuits of his own TARDIS. His essence is not inside these children, only his symbiotic nuclei! They've done nothing wrong!

ANNIE:

Even if that were true...

DOCTOR:

It is!

ANNIE:

They stole for him. They hijacked a nuclear device for him. They were party to a murder orchestrated by him.

HELEN:

We couldn't stop ourselves!

ANNIE:

In fact, were I to kill them and the Master, too... I calculate I would make myself more virtuous than I initially estimated!

JANINE:

But we're innocent.

ANNIE:

No-one is innocent!

FX: PISTOL SHOT FROM OFF.

ANNIE:

(GASPS, HIT)

NB: FROM HERE, THE MASTER IS WEARING MIKEY'S BODY.

MIKEY:

(APPROACHING OFF) I couldn't have put it better myself.

DOCTOR:

Mikey...?

ANNIE:

You...cannot hope to destroy me with a pistol shot!

MIKEY:

Not one shot, no.

FX: 5 x MORE IN RAPID SUCCESSION.

ANNIE:

(SCREECHES ELECTRONICALLY)

FX: FLUMPS TO FLOOR, DEAD.

DOCTOR:

That was entirely gratuitous!

MIKEY:

A staser would have been useless against it. But despite its primitive design... an Army issue pistol makes for a pleasingly blunt instrument.

DOCTOR:

You should know. You fell victim to the exact same weapon before.

MASTER:

I'll recover my T.C.E. in due course.

COLIN:

Mikey, mate... your skin's going all kind of... flakey.

HELEN:

Not just his skin. Look at his eyes...

DOCTOR:

Don't look at his eyes!

FX: HYPNO SOUND.

JANINE:

His eyes...

MIKEY:

That's right... children. Look into my eyes. You know me.

COLIN:

You are our master.

HELEN:

We must obey you.

FX: HYPNO SOUND FADES.

DOCTOR:

I warned Mikey not to touch the console.

MIKEY:

Children just won't be told, will they?

DOCTOR:

That human body won't last, you know. Already it's becoming corrupted. Rotting from the inside out!

MIKEY:

Yes. I'm beginning to feel – (COUGHS; CLEARS THROAT) Excuse me.
(CLEARS THROAT AGAIN)

DOCTOR:

Are you quite alright?

NB: NOW THE MASTER HAS HIS OLD VOICE BACK.

MASTER:

(FINISHES CLEARING THROAT) There. I'm beginning to feel my old self again. But never fear, Doctor: I've no intention of retaining this cadaverous form. Not when your body's mine for the taking!

DOCTOR:

Leaving that one behind, like a shed snakeskin. That'd get the assassins off your back, I suppose.

MASTER:

That would be a bonus!

DOCTOR:

I'm curious: who was it exactly, who put the price on your head in the first place?

MASTER:

That is none of your concern. Children –

COLIN, HELEN & JANINE:

Yes, master.

MASTER:

Bring the Doctor. We'll do the exchange in my TARDIS.

83. INT. SPACESHIP — CORRIDOR

FX: COLIN, HELEN & JANINE DRAGGING DOCTOR ALONG.

COLIN:

Come along, Doctor.

HELEN:

Don't struggle.

JANINE:

You must obey your master.

DOCTOR:

Colin, Helen, Janine — listen to me. You can break his control, just like Mikey did. Break his control and the nuclei inside you will shrivel and die. Your minds will be your own again. Yes, and your bodies, too!

MASTER:

They're not listening, "old chum".

DOCTOR:

(TO KIDS) Remember Mikey? Your friend, Mikey? He told me how he'd rejected the nuclei, once he'd realised that the Master could never make his brother better. That he'd never get his heart's desire!

MASTER:

Ignore him, children...!

HELEN:

(STOPPING) Our heart's desire...

MASTER:

Ignore him and proceed!

DOCTOR:

What was it the Master promised each of you? Can you even remember?

MASTER:

Quiet, Doctor! I'd tell them to tear out your tongue if I didn't intend to use it myself!

JANINE:

He told me he could make me rich. But the rich he made me was a prison.

DOCTOR:

Exactly!

HELEN:

He told me he could make me pass Maths. But all I got was 'Ungraded'.

COLIN:

He told me he could make Helen *like* me. But she never even looked at me.

DOCTOR:

None of these things were his to give. They were in your power, all along. If you want those things still – use your own power to reject him!

COLIN:

Our power...?

DOCTOR:

Yes, yours! – Please, let me go, and I'll show you.

HELEN:

Let you go...?

COLIN:

Yes. Let him go.

DOCTOR:

(RELEASED) Thank you.

MASTER:

Remember, children – Mikey rejected me. And look where it got him...!

COLIN:

Yes, we remember Mikey.

HELEN:

Mikey was our friend.

JANINE:

And you killed him...!

MASTER:

You are my puppets! You will obey me!

FX: HYPNO SOUND FROM COLIN, THEN HELEN, THEN JANINE.

COLIN:

No.

HELEN:

We have the power, inside ourselves.

JANINE:

You will obey us!

MASTER:

(REELS FROM HYPNOTIC BARRAGE) Remember – your hearts' desire!
Your dearest wish!

HELEN:

All we wish is we'd never met you!

COLIN:

All we wish is for you to die!

JANINE:

We can make him die. If we want.

COLIN, HELEN & JANINE:

We have the power!

MASTER:

(COLLAPSES UNDER THE HYPNO BARRAGE) No. No! You must... obey me!

DOCTOR:

(STEPPING IN) Please, stop!

COLIN:

Get out of the way, Doctor.

HELEN:

We don't want to have to kill you, too.

DOCTOR:

Your friend Mikey told me that when his brother killed a man,
in the Falklands, all he did was kill himself. This isn't what
Mikey would want...!

MASTER:

(RECOVERING) Thank you, dear Doctor. (RUNS) For such a timely
intervention!

JANINE:

He's getting away!

FX: CLOCK-TARDIS DOOR SLAMS, OFF.

HELEN:

The Doctor's right, Janine. Letting him go is the only way for
us to escape.

FX: MASTER LAUGHTER AS CLOCK-TARDIS DEMATERIALISES, OFF.

84. EXT. HELIPAD

FX: FADE UP. DAWN. SPACESHIP THRUMS OFF, INTO THE SKY.

COLIN:

There she goes. Back to – where did you say, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

I've programmed the autopilot for her place of origin, in Galaxy Five. Hopefully it'll send a message.

JANINE:

"Don't mess with the Master."

DOCTOR:

I was thinking more along the lines of something about the wages of sin?

COLIN:

He got away with it, though. The Master.

DOCTOR:

It sometimes seems to me that where the Master is concerned, whenever I win, I lose; whenever he loses, he wins.

HELEN:

I don't follow.

DOCTOR:

I know where he's going, eventually. I've already met him in that form, in his future. Only a madman would risk disrupting their own personal timeline.

JANINE:

So we're free of him now?

DOCTOR:

The symbiotic nuclei in your bodies are already beginning to atrophy. I should warn you, though, there'll be a side-effect.

COLIN:

We'll start ageing again.

DOCTOR:

Quite rapidly, even.

HELEN:

Colin's getting a touch of grey already.

COLIN:

What, seriously?

DOCTOR:

Now, if you'll excuse me – I have to go back to collect my friends.

FX: HE UNLOCKS TARDIS DOOR.

JANINE:

Please, Doctor. Take us with you. Take us back to nineteen eighty-four.

DOCTOR:

Janine. What did I just say, about risking disruption to one's personal timeline?

JANINE:

Please, Doctor. I can't stay here.

COLIN:

She's got Russian trouble.

DOCTOR:

Has she? – Well, she'd best talk to UNIT.

JANINE:

What's UNIT?

HELEN:

(LOOKING OUT) Doctor – there's a convoy of military vehicles, coming down the drive!

DOCTOR:

(LOOKING) Yes, that's UNIT. The spaceship was bound to have attracted their attention. Tell them the truth, you'll be believed. – Now, as I said: I really must be off.

FX: SHUTS TARDIS DOOR.

JANINE:

Wait. You can't just leave!

FX: TARDIS DEMATERIALISES.

COLIN:

He can. And he has. Back to nineteen eighty-four. Classic year, nineteen eighty-four. Brilliant music. Best year of my life, nineteen eighty-four. Well, 'til it all went wrong. Shame we can't go back, though, and start all over again.

HELEN:

Well, we can't. So we start again now. We make these the best years of our lives – agreed?

COLIN:

Agreed. (BEAT) Hel, you're holding my hand.

HELEN:

I know. Relax.

THE END